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OCT. 31, 1956
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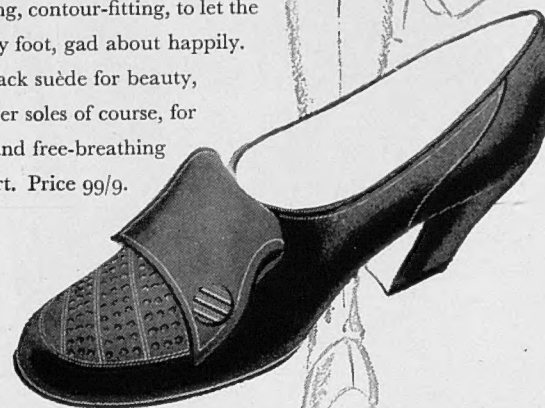
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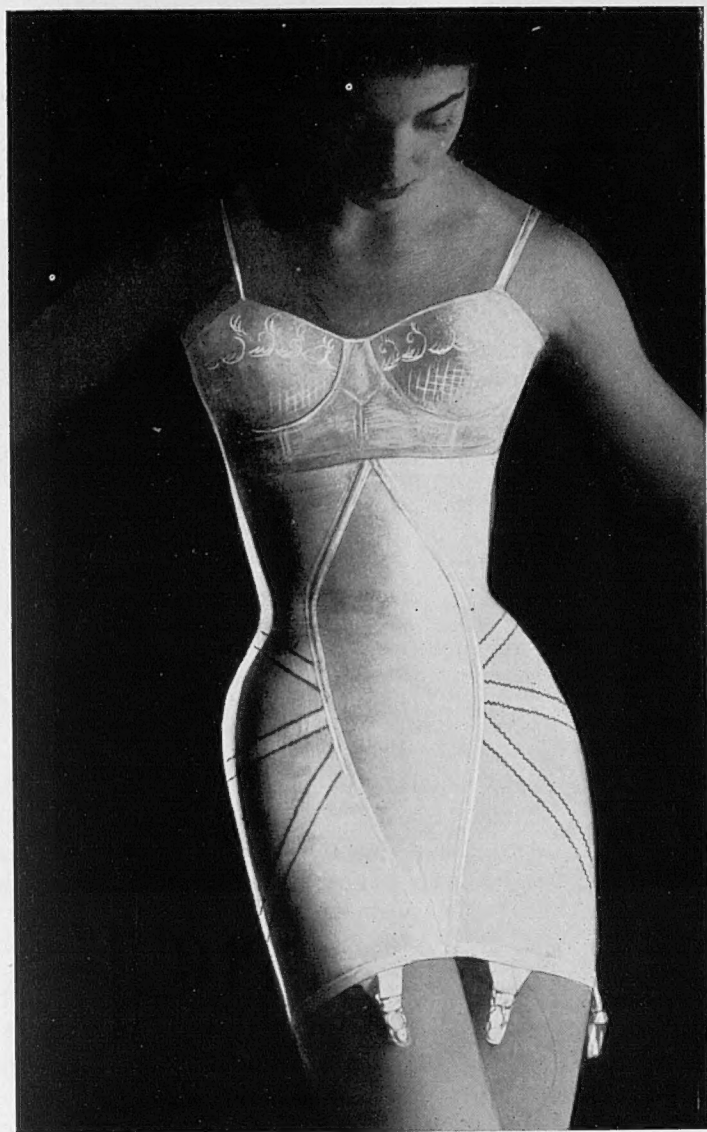


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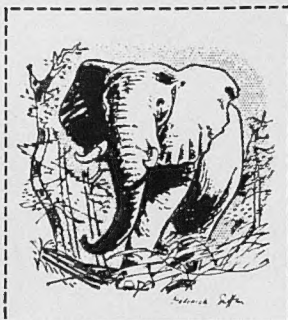


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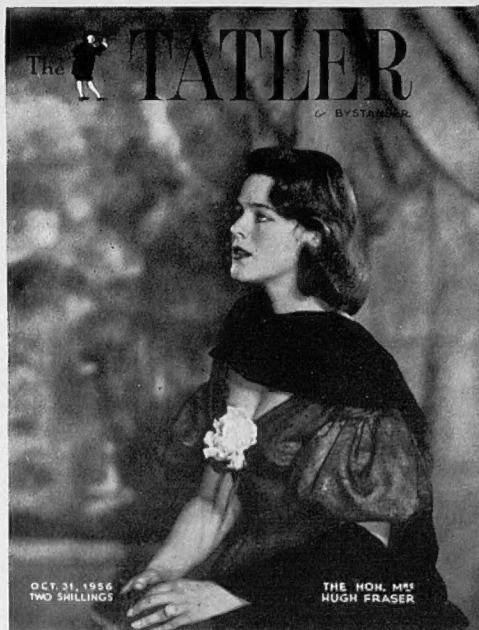
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Yevonde

THE HON. MRS. HUGH FRASER, formerly the Hon. Antonia Pakenham, is the eldest of Lord Pakenham's eight children. The charming photograph which appears on the cover this week was taken shortly before her recent marriage to the Hon. Hugh Fraser, who is the brother of Lord Lovat, and Member of Parliament for the Stafford and Stone Division of Staffordshire. The Frasers' Scottish home is Eilean Aigas, Beaulieu, Inverness-shire, near the family seat of the Lovats, Beaufort Castle, Beaulieu.

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From October 31 to November 7

Oct. 31 (Wed.) The salmon fishing season ends in England and Wales.

Newmarket Houghton Sales (two days).

The Ladies Kennel Association Championship Dog Show at Olympia.

First nights: *The Good Woman Of Setzuan* at the Royal Court Theatre; Luisillo Spanish Dancers at the Princes Theatre.

Royal Society of St. George Annual Banquet at the Savoy Hotel.

Hallow-e'en Ball at the Dorchester Hotel.

Fiesta Ball at the May Fair Hotel in aid of the Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency.

Racing at Newmarket and steeplechasing at Ludlow.

Nov. 1 (Thurs.) Autumn Sheep Fair, Salisbury, Wiltshire.

Racing at Newmarket and steeplechasing at Ludlow.

Nov. 2 (Fri.) Ski Club of Great Britain dance, 118 Eaton Square.

Oxford Young Conservatives Ball, Randolph Hotel, Oxford.

Nov. 3 (Sat.) City of Leicester Cage Bird Society All-England Open Show, Granby Halls, Leicester.

Yorkshire Cocker Spaniel Club Championship Show, Harrogate, Yorks.

Nov. 4 (Sun.) R.A.C. Veteran Car Run from London to Brighton.

Nov. 5 (Mon.) The Queen attends the Royal Variety Performance in aid of the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund.

Guy Fawkes Day.

Covered Courts Open Lawn Tennis Tournament (to 10th), Palace Hotel, Torquay.

Polio Research Fund film show and after-dinner pay party at the May Fair Hotel.

Nov. 6 (Tues.) The Queen opens the new session of Parliament.

Opening Meet of the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) Hunt. Y.W.C.A. Christmas Fair at the Hyde Park Hotel (two days).

N.S.P.C.C. Christmas Bazaar at Caxton Hall.

Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, Sale of Art Treasures at Christies, 9 p.m.

Barbecue Ball in aid of the deaf, at the Savoy Hotel.

Nov. 7 (Wed.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother attends a concert in aid of the East London Children's Moral Welfare Committee, at St. James's Palace.

Shorthorn Society Autumn Show and Sale (two days), Reading, Berks.

Association Football: Scotland v. Ireland, Hampden Park, Glasgow.

First night: Sir John Gielgud in *Nude With Violin*, by Noël Coward, at the Globe Theatre.

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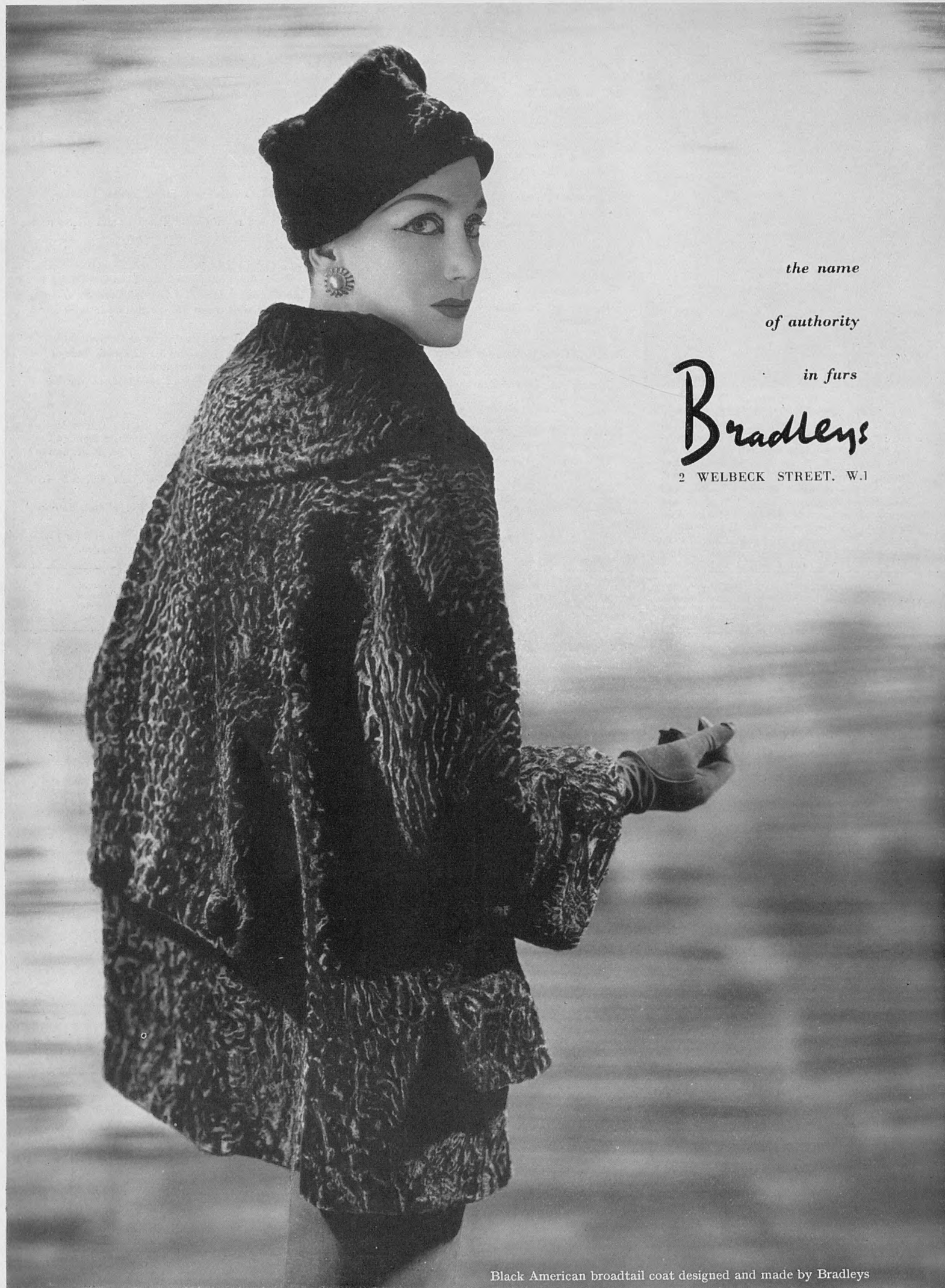
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Barry Swaen

At home in Warwickshire

MISS GEORGINA LEWIS is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Lewis, of Snitterfield Park, Warwickshire, where she was photographed with her dachshund James. She was educated at Weston-

birt School, in Gloucestershire, which she left recently, and is now taking a secretarial course. She is a keen horsewoman and is looking forward to the coming season's hunting with the Warwickshire

Social Journal

A RICHMOND DEBUT

Jennifer

IT was a brilliant idea of Mrs. Eric Dugdale to give her daughter Caroline's coming-out dance at Pembroke Lodge, Richmond Park. With the erection of a yellow and white lined marquee for dancing, extremely clever décor, and lovely flowers in the rooms, this graceful Regency house made a really charming setting for the dance. Pembroke Lodge, which is built high up in the Park with a lovely view, holds many memories for Mr. and Mrs. Dugdale, for they often visited the house when it was a private residence and rented by friends of theirs. The Ministry of Works recently opened the major part of the ground floor and part of the gardens as a restaurant, which is very popular among visitors to the Park.

In George II's reign the Lodge was the home of the Park gamekeeper. It was later given by George III to Elizabeth, Countess of Pembroke, who renamed it Pembroke Lodge and modernized the house. The next inhabitants were the eighteenth Earl of Errol and his wife. On Lord Errol's death in 1846 Queen Victoria granted it to Lord John Russell (later Earl Russell), her Prime Minister, who again enlarged and improved the house and lived there for many years with his family; his widow lived there until her death in 1898.

I am sure all the guests, young and old, will have nostalgic memories of Pembroke Lodge as it appeared the night of Caroline Dugdale's coming-out dance, which was beautifully arranged, with care devoted to every detail. Tables were arranged for guests to sit at in the marquee beside the dance floor, and there was also a charming drawing room for sitting out. Here brilliant pink taffeta Regency drapes adorned the windows for the evening, candles in two superb crystal candelabra flickered on each side of one doorway, and the pendant lights from the ceiling had been transformed into white fruit baskets entwined with vines, while fine pictures from Mrs. Dugdale's London home hung on the walls.

CAROLINE looked radiant in a lovely dress of white organza with leaves embroidered in gold as she stood receiving the guests, who numbered about 350, with her parents—Mrs. Dugdale very good-looking and chic in a draped dress of Schiaparelli shocking pink. Caroline's younger sister Rose, who has just taken her School Certificate and is now studying German before she goes to Vienna to study music and languages, was there to enjoy this dance, and so was their eleven-year-old brother James, who was off to his preparatory school the following day.

Besides many of this year's débutantes—who included Miss Susan Berry in red, Miss Susie Hennessy in pink patterned with black, Miss Serena Fass, Lady Mary Maitland, Miss Wendy Raphael, Miss Caroline Hill, Miss Katherine Loudon, Miss Carolyn Constable-Maxwell in red, the Hon. Katherine Palmer, Miss Clare Mount, the Hon. Cecily Somerset, who had helped her hostess so much with last minute arrangements, and Miss Anne Peto Bennett—there were several older girls who came out a year or two ago. These included Lady Rose Bligh looking very pretty in pink, Miss Edina de Marffy-Mantuano whose parents were also there, Miss Susan Henderson, and tall and attractive Miss Patricia Bellville, who has made such a success of the intricate work of mending china; she was talking to Mr. Tim Mosley.

Mr. Simon Mosley, Mr. Bruno Schroder, the Earl of Brecknock, Mr. George Gibbs, Mr. Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie, Mr. Nicholas Buckley, the Hon. Robin Dixon, Mr. Richard Berens, and the Hon. Angus Ogilvy were among the many young men I saw dancing, while among older guests I met Caroline's very charming grandmother Mrs. George Timmis, Viscountess Maitland, the Hon. Mrs. Derek Cardiff, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Carlisle, Col. Remington Hobbs and Mrs. Helmut Schroder. The Bishop of Kensington, who confirmed Caroline, was there with his wife Lady Laura Eastaugh, also the Rev. Cox, now vicar at Hampton Wick and his wife; he used to be padre at the Chelsea Hospital Chapel near the Dugdales' London home.

Also present were Mrs. J. R. Mackenzie down from her home on



MISS CAROLINE DUGDALE is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Dugdale, who recently gave a coming-out dance for her at Pembroke Lodge, Richmond Park. Miss Dugdale, who is seventeen, goes up to Oxford next year to read history. Her time is spent between her parents' Chelsea home and their farm at Axminster, Devonshire, where she hunts



Clayton Evans

MARY AND JANE GREENWELL are the delightful twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. I. D. Greenwell; they were two and a half years old when this photograph was taken at their very beautiful home, Standlands, Petworth, Sussex

the Border for a short visit, Mr. Ralph Howard whose wheelchair was always surrounded by a host of friends, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Dawson who brought a party including their twin daughters, and Col. and Mrs. Fergus Forbes.

★ ★ ★

TO me one of the most interesting interludes of the week was when I met one of the most supremely skilful men in his sphere. This was during my visit to the Royal Horticultural Society's fortnightly show at their hall in Vincent Square, Westminster, where I encountered Mr. H. J. Dodson, head gardener to Col. Jackie Ward at Chilton, near Hungerford. Mr. Dodson was quietly and unassumingly standing beside the most magnificent exhibit of vegetables I have ever seen grown, by either professional or amateur. Beautifully staged and presented, it consisted of thirty-six vegetables in one hundred and five varieties, which represented one hundred and fifty dishes, all grown to a perfection that is impossible to describe. This exhibit had been awarded a gold medal and the George Mond Memorial Medal.

Col. Ward and Mr. Dodson have this year broken a record by winning the George Mond Medal for the third year running, and it was the fourth year in succession that they had won a gold medal with their exhibit of vegetables here. Mr. Dodson, whose hard work and painstaking efforts combined with those of the assistant gardeners working under him more than deserved these splendid awards, told me that he had worked in a garden since he was a boy of fourteen. He comes from a family of gardeners, as his father and two of his uncles followed this occupation too. I was proud to have met such a grand type of Englishman, devoting his life to the task of producing

annually the very best that the soil of our beloved country can give us.

There were also several lovely exhibits of flowers. Outstanding among them were the fine show of chrysanthemums from John Bell of Cross-in-Hand, and the superb dahlias shown by Stuart Ogg of Swanley.

★ ★ ★

FOR the past twenty-two years the 11th Hussars, often fondly referred to as "the Cherry Pickers," have been stationed abroad, and only returned from Malaya in August. It was a brilliant idea of the Colonel and officers of the Regiment to organize a ball to celebrate their return to this country, an event which brought about a great reunion of officers past and present, together with many other friends. It took place at the Hyde Park Hotel, and was extremely well run, resulting in an exceptionally gay and enjoyable evening that will long be remembered by all present.

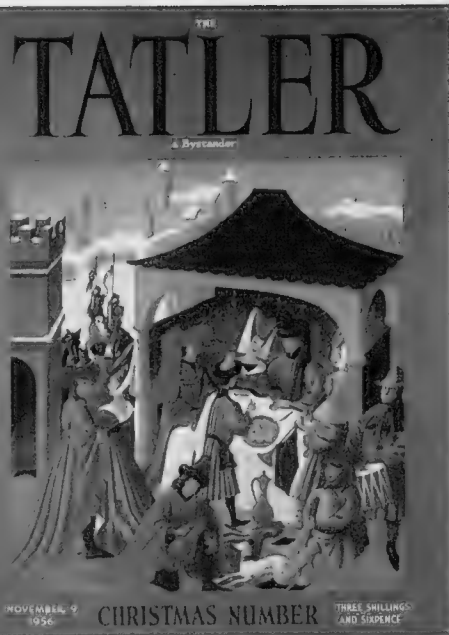
Troopers in full dress uniform stood on each side of the foot of the stairs as guests arrived, many of these wearing uniform also. On mounting the stairs to the first floor reception foyer one was able to admire some of the magnificent Regimental silver which was arranged in the alcove and cleverly lit. A portrait of the late King George VI by Simon Elwes, which had been presented to the Regiment by the Queen Mother, hung in a prominent position on the wall.

One of the first people I saw was Maj.-Gen. John Combe, Colonel of the Regiment, and his wife, who was talking to her brother-in-law and sister, Gen. Sir Richard and Lady McCreery. The bachelor commanding officer, Lt.-Col. R. M. H. M. Grant Thorold was busy as one of the hosts, and the second-in-Command, Major Thomas Pitman, was there with his wife, also Lt.-Col. and Mrs. John Turnbull; he commands the training regiment at Carlisle.

Continued overleaf

● THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

of The TATLER is once again on sale, and its predominately red and gold cover, with Philip Gough's delicately roisterous festive painting, is enlivening the bookstalls. Larger, gayer and more entertaining than ever before, it has seasonal contributions in their most inimitable vein by, among others, James Laver, D. B. Wyndham Lewis and George Mikes, a threesome of eerie ghost stories, a Christmas Alphabet and a noble dissertation on punch making and drinking. It is fully illustrated with photographs, lively drawings and enchanting colour pictures and makes, in short, ideal Christmas reading. It costs 3s. 6d. and, together with postage inland of 6d. and abroad 3½d. Copies may be ordered directly from The TATLER, Sales Department, Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, W.C.2



I met Col. Turnbull's sister Mrs. Ralph Younger and Brig. Ralph Younger, Sir Howard Kerr, a former 11th Hussar, and Lady Howard Kerr, who brought a big party, and Brig. and Mrs. Derek Schreiber. I noticed among the silver an exquisite piece presented by Brig. Schreiber when he left the Regiment a few years ago. Another former 11th Hussar present was Col. Dale Trotter and his wife. They have two sons in the regiment, Capt. William Trotter, who was at the ball, and his twin brother Capt. John Trotter, who is in New Zealand as A.D.C. to the Governor, Lt.-Gen. Sir Willoughby Norrie, whose daughter Rosemary Norrie and son George Norrie were present. The latter is shortly joining the 11th Hussars. Others who were formerly in the Regiment and having a wonderful evening included Major Stanley Cayzer, whom I met with a group of friends including Mrs. Ian Galloway, Major Van Burdon and his wife down from Northumberland, and Lt.-Col. Douglas Forster and his wife up from Wiltshire. Major Edward Paget and his wife, who looked most attractive in a bronze faille dress, were up from Kent, and Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Peter Wiggin, who now live in Hampshire, were others there.

Also present were Mr. Miles Gosling, the Hon. Nicholas Hopkinson and the Hon. Robin Denison-Pender, who all did their National Service with the Regiment. The latter's parents, Lord and Lady Pender, had given a very gay and happy cocktail party the previous evening to celebrate his twenty-first birthday. Earl Bathurst, in the uniform of the Gloucester Hussars, who are affiliated to the 11th Hussars, was dancing energetically as was Capt. the Hon. Francis Newall, adjutant of the Gloucester Hussars, and his bride; his parents, Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Newall and Lady Newall, were also present and I saw them having a long talk to Mr. and Mrs. Victor Seely.

Other serving officers there included Capt. Eddie Farquhar and his bride, Major Oliver Wentworth-Stanley, whose brother David had brought his very attractive wife, Capt. Dick Sutton, Capt. Ivan Straker and his pretty wife who have just moved from Perth to the training regiment at Carlisle, Capt. Warren Fenwicke-Clennell dancing with Miss Caroline Blackett, who looked most attractive in red, and Mr. John Harding who spent his recent leave in Cyprus with his parents Field-Marshal Sir John and Lady Harding.

Others enjoying this excellent ball, which was an outstandingly gay and happy reunion and went on until the early hours, included Major and Mrs. Jack Hirsch, Major the Hon. Julian and Mrs. Berry, Major Tony Weatherall, who recently retired from the 7th Hussars but was recalled when the Suez crisis arose, Mr. John Ambler, Mr. and Mrs. "Gar" Barker, Mr. and Mrs. Victor McCalmont, and Mr. Thomson Jones and his wife. Among the very pretty girls present I noticed Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham, the Hon. Prue McCorquodale, Miss June Ducas, and the Hon. Clare Dixon.

★ ★ ★

THE marriage of Mr. Richard Hathaway Morgan, only son of the late Mr. Charles Morgan and of Mrs. Morgan, and Miss Anne Norton-Griffiths, only daughter of Sir Peter and Lady Norton-Griffiths, took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, where flame-coloured flowers decorated the church. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. Maurice Fox, sub-dean of H.M. Chapels Royal, and the Rev. Donald Harris.

The bride, who was given away by her father, looked radiant in a beautiful dress of white faille, with the train cut in one with the skirt. This was made by Patou in Paris, by the same fitter and same worker who made the bride's mother's wedding dress. The bride's long tulle

veil was held in place by a diadem of lilies of the valley and stephanotis, and she wore an exquisite diamond necklace which had been bequeathed to her by her maternal grandmother, who died last year. She also carried a bouquet of stephanotis, lilies of the valley and white orchids.

As is the custom in the United States, the bride was preceded up the aisle by her bridesmaids, who when they got to the chancel steps divided and stood on each side of the aisle facing the bride as she joined the bridegroom. This made a much more picturesque setting than the usual custom of the bridal retinue standing behind the bride, and the effect was greatly heightened by the bridesmaids standing near two large vases of flowers which exactly matched their long full-skirted dresses of flame and gold shot taffeta. Their headdresses and bouquets were of tiny chrysanthemums and gerberas of the same shade.

The bridesmaids were Miss Johanna Norton-Griffiths, cousin of the bride, the Hon. Mary Stopford, Miss Juliet Kendall, Miss Gay Pinckney, Mlle. Prisca Dulong de Rosnay, niece of the bridegroom, and Mlle. Marielle de Boismenu, with one child bridesmaid, Lydia Jane Bradley, cousin of the bride. The best man was Mr. Talbot Hainault. Lady Norton-Griffiths looked charming in a caramel-coloured velvet coat over a silk dress of the same shade, and a mink hat, while the bridegroom's mother, who makes her home in France, at the Chateau d'Oursieres, Beaumont-les-Autels, was very chic in steel grey with a large black hat. She stood with Sir Peter and Lady Norton-Griffiths welcoming the guests at the reception which followed at the Hyde Park Hotel. This was a very gay and international gathering, with friends from several countries present, as the bridegroom, who is an American (his mother is a daughter of the late Governor Warfield of Maryland), was educated in this country and now makes his home in Paris, while the bride's parents have been living in Brussels, where Sir Peter is working, for the past two or three years. Before that he was working in Lisbon.

THE wedding cake, which was very decorative, consisting of three tiers iced together, with large pink roses and lilies of the valley, was made in America and brought over by the bride's uncle, Mr. Jules von Rebham, who travelled from Palm Beach for the wedding. From France came the bridegroom's brother-in-law and sister, Comte and Comtesse Dulong de Rosnay, who live in Paris, Comtesse de la Meurthe, Marquis and Marquise Costa de Beauregard, and Mrs. Edward S. Montefiore, who came up from Nice. From Portugal were Maestro Pedro de Freitas Branco, the famous conductor, and his pianist wife Mme. Maris l'Eveque, Dr. Antonio Bustaff Silva, the clever Portuguese lawyer, and his son-in-law, Dr. Manuel Vinhas, Dr. Alfonso Patricio Gonveia, a prominent personality in Anglo-Portuguese affairs, and Senhor Balthasar Cabral and his wife. He is the grandson of the famous Governor of Mocambique.

Baron Bodo von Zitzewitz and his wife came over from Germany, and Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Hofland from Holland. Friends from Belgium included Mme. Emile Blaton, Mme. Paul van der Rest and her daughter Jacqueline, and Canadian Brig. Donald Agnew and his wife. He is in charge of the Imperial War Graves Commission in Belgium and a large area of Northern Europe.

Among members of the bride's family I saw her grandmother, Gwladys Lady Norton-Griffiths, who was escorted up the aisle by a grandson, Mr. Jeremy Thorpe, who is a promising barrister and broadcaster. He was a busy usher, together with the bride's brothers



Bride and bridegroom's parents: Mr. G. R. Service, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Darwin, Mrs. R. Weilenman

John and Michael. Gwladys Lady Norton-Griffiths had four generations of her family there in a direct line—her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Thorpe, J.P., who is also a Surrey County Councillor, her granddaughter Mrs. Eric Bradley, and her great-granddaughter, Lydia Jane Bradley, who was one of the bridal attendants. Mrs. Edward Joynson, another aunt of the bride, was there, also Mrs. Ralph Hubbard, who was married to the bride's uncle, Major Michael Norton-Griffiths, who was killed at Dunkirk, and Mr. Ralph Hubbard.

Sir Harry Brittain proposed the health of the young couple, and among other friends who came to give their good wishes were Lady Megan Lloyd-George, Mr. Ivor Newton and Mr. Alec Sherman representing music, Lady Keeble, better remembered as Lillah McCarthy, a statuesque figure in purple escorted by Ernest Thesiger, both great personalities of the theatre, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Kingzett, Mrs. J. B. Ary Kessler, Sir Francis Rose and Mr. and Mrs. Derrick Sayer, all well known in the world of art. Also there were Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. Arthur Dove, Dr. and Mrs. Pinckney, Mr. and Mrs. Vian and her younger daughter, the Hon. Elizabeth Stopford, who makes her debut next year, like Miss Serena Murray, who was also present. Other young guests included the Hon. John and Mrs. Lindesay-Bethune, Mr. Francis Dashwood, who was one of the ushers, Mr. Richard Baker-Wilbraham, Mr. Richard Westmacott, Mr. Julian Benson and Mr. Peter Kenworthy-Brown.

★ ★ ★

I HEAR from Countess Cadogan that plans are well ahead for the Berkeley Ball, of which she is chairman of a committee composed of young people. This ball will be held at the Berkeley Hotel on November 12, in aid of St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, rebuilding fund. This is the first time in history that a charity ball has been held in the ballroom of the Berkeley, and as it only holds 250, tickets will soon be sold out.

Lady Cadogan told me her idea was primarily to have it as a lovely party for girls who came out a year or two ago, and their friends (her elder daughter Sarah, who is on the committee, is among this group) so it should be a refreshingly gay and youthful affair. Tickets for this ball, at which there will be a cabaret, may be obtained from the Hon. Treasurer, Patterson Morgan, Esq., Cadogan Offices, 28 Cadogan Square, S.W.1.

★ ★ ★

QUEEN LOUISE OF SWEDEN has graciously promised to open the Swedish Christmas Fair at 11 a.m. on November 16, in the Swedish Hall, 6 Harcourt Street, Marylebone. This is an engagement that I most certainly would not miss, as for the past three or four years I have purchased the most successful and original of any Christmas presents at this fair. One has such delightful gifts to choose from including Swedish glass, china, matches, candles, tablecloths, toys and a variety of Swedish food. King Gustav's eldest granddaughter, Princess Margaret of Sweden, is coming along to the opening.

In our issue of October 10, the caption of a photograph described Mrs. Donald Campbell as the mother of Miss Georgina Campbell. She is in fact her stepmother. Miss Campbell's mother being Mrs. G. A. Turner of Hampstead



AN OCTOBER WEDDING

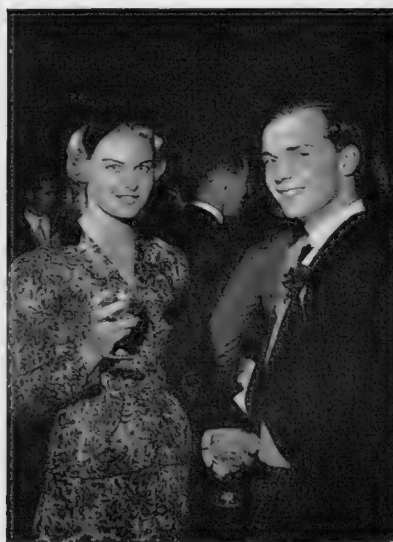
MR. GEORGE DARWIN and Miss Shuna Service (above) were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, with a reception afterwards at the Dorchester



Bridesmaids, Miss Caroline Braby, the Hon. Joanna Cavendish and Miss Jane Darwin



Mr. Bill Abbott, Miss Anne Marsh and Mr. Jack Loudon were among the guests



Miss Tessa Ruscoe was talking to Mr. H. A. Renwick



Mr. Simon Ruscoe and bridesmaid Miss Joyce Robinson



Mr. David Wingfield and Miss Valerie Gillespie opening oysters

*The
TATLER
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Sir Colin Jardine and his daughter Mrs. Ian Mackenzie



Lady Mancroft in conversation with Sir Godfrey Thomas

Mr. Cecil Madden, the B.B.C. television executive, and Sir Commodore and Mrs. H. I. Cozens



EXPLORERS' BALL

THE British Schools Exploring Society Ball was held at the Savoy and attended by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, who is Patron in Chief, many distinguished explorers and members of this resolute Society



Lady Petre, ball chairman, Lady Marshall-Cornwall and Gen. Sir James Marshall-Cornwall, President of the Royal Geographical Society

Sir Wavell Wakefield, M.P., escorted Lady Wakefield



Mrs. Babcock, Mr. F. H. Babcock and Mrs. J. Fletcher

Desmond O'Neill



OIL PAINTERS MET

AMONG those visiting the 69th R.O.I. exhibition in Piccadilly were (above) Mrs. D. M. Smyth and her father-in-law Mr. Maurice Smyth. Right, "Jennifer," a portrait of Miss Jennifer Duckit, by David Jagger

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon with his "Gladioli"

Mr. Bernard Adams, Miss Valerie Fisher and Mrs. Richard Fisher



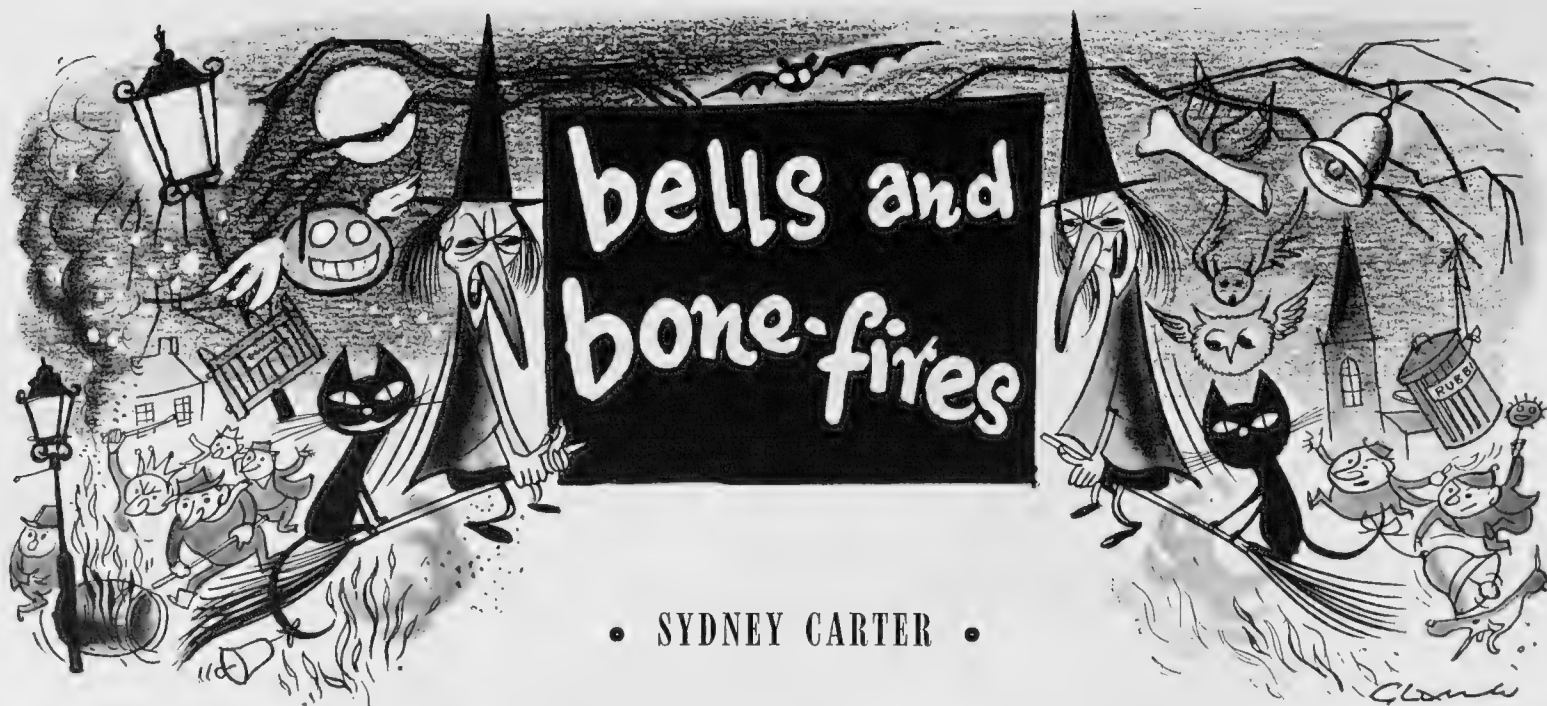
Mrs. Justin Mallinson was with Mr. and Mrs. Terence Mallinson

Mr. Michael Denison and Mr. Maurice Codner view the former's "Still Life"

Miss Rosemary Tebbitt and Miss Susanna Hills look at David Birch's "A Salisbury Backwater"



Mrs. Le Clerc Fowle, an exhibitor, and Mr. Gerald Moira inspecting Mr. Moira's "Finding Of Moses"



• SYDNEY CARTER •

"TAKE off your gate and hide it," said the Chief Constable. "It may seem a bother, but it's less bother than picking it out of a pond later." He was not talking about Rock and Roll, but "Mischief Night." On November 4, in the neighbourhood of Leeds, it is the custom to put treacle on the door-knobs and crackers into letter-boxes, to hoist gates and dust-bins to the tree tops and to make life hell for grown-ups in general and policemen in particular.

In Scotland the fun begins a little sooner. Bonfires, "punkies" and the putting on of masks—which the Scots, with their gift for the macabre, call "false faces"—belong to Hallow-e'en (October 31). Under the more Christian-sounding title of All Saints' or All Hallows' Eve, the English used to light their bonfires then as well: but since the Gunpowder Plot, they have taken to lighting them a little later. The plot was foiled on the Fifth of November, and the celebrations of this happy anniversary came close enough to the older festival to pull it, so to speak, out of its orbit. The Saints have been forgotten: Guy has stolen all the glory.

The Americans, who see no reason to be glad that Parliament was not blown up, have clung to Hallow-e'en. They light their bonfires on October 31.

Why the bonfires?

"Bonfire," according to the Oxford Dictionary, was originally "bone-fire." Whose bones were burnt, or why, it does not say: but it strikes a faintly grisly note. Bone-fires were lit on Midsummer Eve, New Year's Eve and Hallow-e'en: all times of year when ghosts and witches were more than usually active. On none of these nights was it thought advisable to hang around churchyards or go for a lonely walk upon a blasted heath: but if one night was worse than any other, it was Hallow-e'en. Robert Burns has described the kind of thing you were apt to meet in Ayrshire.

THE more Celtic the country, the more uncanny are the things you can expect on the last night of October. According to the ancient Celtic calendar, this was when the old year ended and the new began. The night on which the year renewed itself was thought to be both dangerous and holy. Ceremonial fires were lit to protect the cattle and the crops from evil; the spirits of the dead came back to earth, and it was possible, by signs and omens, to foretell the future. The Celts became Christian, and produced innumerable saints, but still felt uneasy on October 31. The old gods were regarded as old devils now or, at best, as somewhat capricious fairies; but they might still pay a visit. So might the dead. On the whole, it was a good idea to light a bonfire—"to keep off witches" or, as others thought, "to help the souls in

Purgatory." The idea that the dead, especially, came back at this time of year was not easy to get rid of. The Church did what it could to give a Christian twist to this belief. November 1 was adopted as the festival of All Saints: November 2, of All Souls. Prayers were said for the departed, bells were rung and graves were visited.

The practice of "souling" or "soul-caking" lingered on. A soul-cake seems to have been an oaten cake given to the poor, in ancient times, presumably in return for prayers which would help some soul in Purgatory.

PROTESTANTS had "abolished" Purgatory, but in Cheshire, Staffordshire and elsewhere in the north and west people were still going round, till comparatively recent times, singing a song in which they begged for soul-cakes.

—A soul-cake, a soul-cake,
I prithee, good missus, a soul-cake;
One for Peter, two for Paul,
And three for Him who made us all.

In practice, a soul-cake had often come to mean a mug of beer.

Hallow-e'en is also known as "Nut-crack Night." If you want to know who loves you take a nut, name somebody, and place it in the fire. If the nut pops, then he loves you; in the south of England, at any rate. In the north, they believe the opposite. Or you can put two nuts in the fire: one for him and one for her.

If they lie side by side in peace and quiet, all will be well; if they pop and leap about, look out for trouble.

If you haven't got a nut, then use an apple. Peel it, throw the peel over your shoulder, and it will fall in the shape of the initial letter of his name. Put an apple under your pillow at Hallow-e'en and you'll dream about the man you'll marry. Put practically anything beneath your pillow, and you'll dream of him. Girls in Derbyshire would put a crooked sixpence and a sprig of Rosemary. Scottish girls, more serious, would read a chapter of the Bible (Ruth, III, is recommended) and put that beneath the pillow. Not all Scottish girls, however. Some Scottish girls would go into the kail-yard with their eyes shut, pluck a kail (cabbage, to the Sassenach) and so divine the condition of their future husbands. Big, if the kail was big; crooked, if it was crooked; rich, if the earth was sticking to it.

A more romantic method is to take a candle to a looking glass and eat an apple. At the same time, if possible, you should try to comb your hair. The face of your husband-to-be will look out of the glass. If this sounds too easy, stick the apple on a fork and do the same thing walking round a haystack.

Some Scottish girls would take a mouthful of cold water and



then listen at a door, taking care not to swallow the cold water. The first male name that she heard mentioned was the name of the man whom she would marry. Nearly all these directions, I notice, are addressed to woman. Catch a Scotsman, on Hallow-e'en, with his mouth full of cold water. . . .

A method of divination which I do not recommend is to sit in a church porch at Hallow-e'en and watch for the couples (spectral, of course) who come into the church. You *may* see those who will be married in the year to come. On the other hand, you may see those who are going to be buried.

No party at Hallow-e'en would be complete without a punkie, —a hollowed-out turnip with a candle stuck inside to make a lantern. Cut out holes for nose and eyes and mouth: that will make it cheerfully horrible. Besides nuts, and a good supply of ghost stories, you should have a lot of apples. These are useful, not only for finding out your future love, but for games which will make your friends look funny. Put an apple in a bowl of water and make them try to seize it with their teeth. Hang it on a bit of string and make them try to eat it with their hands behind them. Or (more complicated, this)—have a stick suspended from the ceiling, horizontally, with an apple at one end and a lighted candle at the other. Then let them bite the apple.

GUY FAWKES DAY, our English version (or, if you like, perversion) of Hallow-e'en, has been going now since 1605, and shows no tendency to fizzle out. Its strength lies in its topicality—your "guy" can be Fawkes himself; he can be (and often was, in former days) the Pope; he can be Kaiser Bill, or Bevan. He can be anything you don't like—or, for that matter, anything you *do* like. In Torrington Square, an effigy of the Piccadilly Eros was seen on the bonfire not so long ago; the people dancing round were not the Watch Committee, but the students of London University.

Guy Fawkes Day can be a family affair, or a public festival. If you like the latter, then the place to go on November 5 is Lewes, in Sussex. For over a hundred years now Societies of "Bonfire Boys," from different quarters of the town, have organized elaborate processions in fancy dress. Flaming tar-barrels are no longer rolled down the main street as they used to be, but there is more than enough to keep the policemen busy. Bridgwater in Somerset keeps a lively Guy Fawkes Day and at Rye in Sussex they burn, with festivities, a boat. In Yorkshire they eat, or used to eat, a special kind of cake on the Fifth, called "Parkin"; though now, it seems to me, you can get it at almost any time of year. It is made of oatmeal, treacle and butter. Could it, I wonder, be a soul-cake in disguise? Or is it merely that Yorkshire is secretly proud of Guy, her bold, bad son, whose name lives yearly on the lips of Englishmen, and almost hourly on the lips of the Americans?





THE LONDON ROWING CLUB is celebrating its centenary this year, and a banquet was held this month at the Grocers' Hall to mark the anniversary. The photograph is of a picture painted in 1859, at the very beginning of the club's history, but which was unfortunately destroyed during the war through enemy action. In the foreground is an eight containing Josias Nottidge, who called the first meeting of the club in 1856, and H. H. Playford who is rowing at stroke

Roundabout

● **Cyril Ray**

IN spite of all the fuss and nonsense about Nina and her hats that bedevilled the opening, the visit of the Bolshoi ballet company to Covent Garden has been a fantastic success: these few score dancers have done more for the right kind of "co-existence" than twice as many footballers or ten times as many diplomatists.

There was as much sense as flowery compliment in that British journalist's observation at Ulanova's press conference that perhaps the next time she came to London would be as an ambassador. London could do worse—and so could Moscow.

Behind stage at Covent Garden it has been odd to see notices up in Russian characters, with the word ПЕТОРАН, for instance, above the arrow pointing to the canteen—a word which not only means "restaurant" in Russian but actually *spells* it. And I liked the story told by David Webster, Covent Garden's General Administrator (for whose miracles of organization, and stupendous calm in the midst of seeming chaos, some special medal should be struck) of the *lingua franca* of voice and gesture that creates itself between Russian stage directors and English stage-hands, who haven't a word in common: there would be a torrent of Russian, and a stage-hand would say "O.K., mate," and the required job was done.

More touching was the tale of how on the day that it was announced that the Bolshoi company was *not* coming, all work simply stopped at the Sadler's Wells Ballet School. Nobody, David Webster says, had the heart either to teach or to learn.

DAVID WEBSTER is not the only one at Covent Garden who has deserved well both of the Soviet dancers and of English audiences. Both at the box-office and in the public-relations department, good manners and quiet efficiency were brought to bear on problems of unprecedented size and urgency, and I was especially glad to see *World's Press News* bestowing bouquets on Bill Beresford such as can rarely have been heaped in such profusion by an organ of the press upon a P.R.O.—and never more deservedly. If our own dancers must have learned much from the Russians, in the past few weeks, here have been object lessons for Russian administrators—not (and I speak from infuriated experience) the most enlightened or efficient in the world.

Visits such as this, and our own dancers' return visit to Moscow next month, should gradually help to dispel many of the sillier misunderstandings between the people—I'm not talking about the politicians—of both countries. In the past few weeks various popular newspapers have told me that white ties and tails are

unknown in Moscow (although the Bolshoi's veteran conductor has been wearing them here, for all to see, as he and his orchestra do at home); that cosmetics were unknown in the Soviet Union until Stalin's death (although Madame Molotov headed a State Ministry of Beauty Culture for years, and one of the score of state-produced, pretty powerful, and extremely nasty, scents was named after Stalin's daughter); and that in Russia only the nobs could afford caviare, which is the silliest nonsense of the lot, for I have seen platelayers at a railwayman's canteen putting away open sandwiches of caviare (admittedly it was red caviare) in as matter-of-fact a way as their English counterparts would have scoffed bread and jam, or fish and chips.

IN the enormous amount that is to be said against the Soviet system, I cannot find the patience to include shabby fibs. And the more we meet ordinary Russians—stage-hands and ladies of the *corps de ballet*, as well as conductors and artistic directors and ballerinas—the more we shall be able to see the fibs for what they are, and reject them.

Perhaps, too, the Muscovites I have met in my time will be as ready to reject the notions they have nourished for years, based on the thumping lies that have countered our shabby fibs—that London's

out-of-works tramp the Embankment in bare feet, for instance, and that every now and again the Government of the day turns the police on to truncheoning those who haven't yet dropped dead in the gutters of T.B. They have already taken off the Moscow stage, I learn, that spirited melodrama in which the American G.I.s in Berlin were shown as wearing rings in their noses.

★ ★ ★

THE original manuscript of *The Prisoner Of Zenda*, sold at Sotheby's this week, has, I hope, gone to a good home. Anthony Hope's romance must already have been nearly thirty years old when it first came to my schoolboy hands—but with what freshness it came, and how that freshness has lasted! I can feel the brown buckram cover yet, and see the device of Arrowsmiths, its publishers: a Cupid fashioning his shaft on an anvil. But no more clearly than I recall the spell woven by the nonchalance of its hero, the charm of the Princess Flavia, and young Rupert of Hentzau, "reckless and wary, graceful and graceless, handsome, debonair, vile, and unconquered."

Nobody would claim for Anthony Hope anything more than that he was a competent and stylish craftsman, with a gift for narrative. And even that gift was unevenly employed, for *The Prisoner Of Zenda* was not his only excursion into that middle-Europe of high adventure, frogged uniforms, sword-play, and lovely exotic ladies in furs and veils—and who now remembers his other fictional nation-states of Aureotaland or Glottenberg? But his Ruritania is in the dictionaries, and it is no small thing to have mapped out the frontiers of a new country in the atlases of our imaginations.

★ ★ ★

ONE always hears it said of the Japanese that their culture is a copy of the Chinese and now, the Chinese having invented gunpowder a few thousand years ago, the Japanese are going into the firework industry. What seems odd is



"... and here is your request, Mrs. Smith, 106 Bellevue Drive..."

that the bulk of the Japanese export of fireworks is to the United States: I should have thought that fire-crackers and rockets and squibs and sparklers marked "Made in Japan" would have reminded Americans all too sharply of the gratuitous pyrotechnic display put on at Pearl Harbour on December 7, 1941.

★ ★ ★

THE book trade is said to be in a bad way, and although I know those who would say that publishers are as professionally prone to grumbling as are farmers and taxi-drivers, nevertheless there seems to be something in their complaints. Books have gone up less in price since before the war than almost any other amenity of civilized living. Possibly only theatre seats and bottles of table wine are comparable in their relatively modest demands on our purse—just think how many times more, proportionately, the cost of clothes and coal, motor cars and

petrol, whisky and railway fares have gone up in the past fifteen years or so.

Though there is a curious reluctance in most Englishmen and women to spend as much on a book as on a necktie, say, or a box of chocolates, or a bottle of wine. There is some wrong-headedness here about values, for a book lasts longer than any of the articles I have mentioned; can be passed around to give pleasure to more people; and still remains on one's shelf to be read again, or merely—with its varicoloured fellows—to decorate the wall.

It's a poor look-out for new novelists, for publishers are less and less willing—less and less able, to be fair to them—to take chances on first novels, when the book that would have made everybody a modest profit before the war by selling 1,500 copies, now makes everybody a loss if it sells a mere three thousand.

A BOOKSELLER has been quoted in the *Manchester Guardian* as suggesting that the stiffly bound 12s. 6d. novel of the nineteen fifties is in the same situation as the three-volume novel was in the eighteen nineties. The three-decker gave way then to the much cheaper one-volume novel, at a price that attracted an entirely new, and infinitely vaster, buying public. Now, the suggestion is, the twelve-and-sixpenny may be asked to give way to paper backs at half a crown or so—not paper-backed reprints such as we know now, but new works of fiction. The answer so far, to those who say, "But why not? That's what happens in France," is that too much capital is tied up in the machinery that binds the novels of today in their handsome cloth bindings.

Not the only British industry unable to turn out cheaper products for many buyers because of what it has invested in the past in turning out dearer products for fewer.

★ ★ ★

IT must have been a delicious confusion of thought that led an elderly lady the other day to ask her friend—in my hearing—whether she was going to the Beaujolais Ballet.

BRIGGS by Graham





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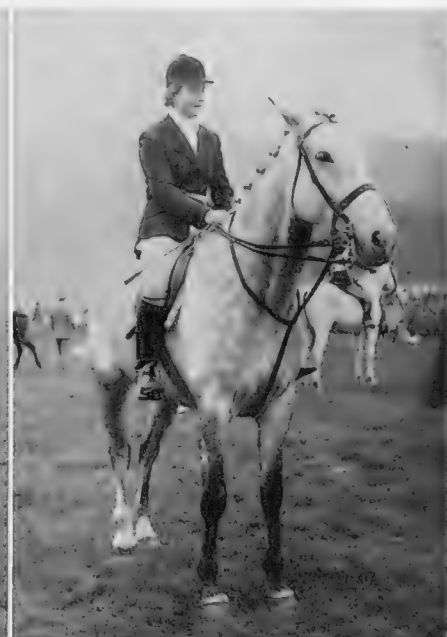
CHATSWORTH TRIALS

MANY enthusiasts attended the one-day Horse Trials recently held at Chatsworth, the beautiful Derbyshire house of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. Above: Miss Sheila Willcox



Miss Vivien Dautesey is introduced to the Duchess of Devonshire by Col. Rodzienko

Mrs. R. B. Moseley, Mrs. H. W. Inderwick and Col. P. V. Gell, the dressage steward at the event



Miss Valerie Engelmann on her good horse Fanfayre

Miss Gilliam Morrison on Miss S. Legard's Gay Time II

P. C. Palmer

Col. T. N. Horn, Major Derek Allhusen, a very successful competitor, and the Duke of Devonshire





FINDING THE TOP DOG

IN the all-aged open stakes for flat-coated retrievers at the Flat Coated Retriever Society's twenty-fifth meeting at Sennowe Park, Guist, Norfolk. Above, Dr. Nancy Laughton's bitch Claverdon Tawney-Pippet retrieving through water



The Countess of Northesk, Dr. V. J. Walsh, Col. J. Hargreaves and Mrs. E. Saunders

The Earl of Northesk, one of the judges at the meeting



Mr. Thomas Cook, Miss Hazel Cook and Lady Cook

Mr. Colin Wells with his dog Waterboy retrieving. It was the winner of the all-open stakes





ODILE VERSOIS, the gay and charming French actress, is in private life the Countess Pozzo di Borgo. Her last film, which was made in England and on location in Europe, was "Checkpoint" which has not yet had its premiere. Mlle Versois is at present in Germany filming "Ruler Without A Crown" in which she stars, after which she will come to London before returning to her chateau



Priscilla in Paris

THE BASTILLE'S MARKET

BOULEVARD RICHARD LENOIR. One of the most dreary quarters of Paris for all that it begins at the Place de la Bastille (Liberte, egalite, fraternite;) and ends, fittingly, at the avenue de la Republique. Perhaps that is why the *Foire de la Ferraille* is held there, the open air, old-iron mart that spreads its rusty wares on the side-walks of the boulevard. Broken hand-cuffs, rusty chains, old keys . . . relics of the Bastille perhaps; sewing machines that screech and grind when put into action, musical boxes that refuse to come into action at all.

And yet, during the few days that it lasts, the market is thronged with eager buyers. Down-and-almost-outs cannot add to their *lares et penales* on the hire system, but they sometimes have the wherewithal that enables them to haggle triumphantly over a single item, cash down. The shabby young creature who went off with the ramshackle baby-buggy—only once removed from the soap box on wheels—had joy in her eyes and I resented, on her behalf, the cynical remark of a bystander: "I wonder where she'll hire the baby."

WHEN I first came to live in Paris a very different clientele mingled with the drab crowd I saw the other morning. There were, of course, the usual sightseers but I remember the time when one went to these marts because one had the certitude of making wonderful discoveries. Antiquarians of repute still boast of the "finds" they have made there. The great writer, Colette, collected glass paperweights and those absurdly enchanting glass balls that, when shaken, produce a snowstorm.

Many of her finest pieces were found at *la Ferraille* or at the other, even more famous fair: *les Puces*. Needless to say the *Ferrailles* does not deal solely with old-iron or the *Puces* only with fleas! Other writers such as Germaine Beaumont, Jean Barreyre and Francis Carco were "regulars" at those treasure hunts and in those days every artist and actor of renown found his way to the boulevard Richard Lenoir or the Porte St. Ouen when they were in search of the curio that might provide local colour.

EXCEPTION, made for the adorable *Voyage a Turin*, played by Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay at the Michodiere, there has been such a disappointing series of beautifully played, magnificently produced near-flops (the highbrow products of famous dramatists), this autumn that first night fans who go to the theatre to be entertained have delightedly welcomed a gay, unpretentious little operetta that has everything it takes to be a success. This is the *Quincailliere de Chicago*, staged at the A.B.C. where Georges Guetary has been singing *La Route Fleurie* for the last three years and could have gone on singing it for three more to crowded houses had not Leon Ledoux decided to give his public a surprise.

The surprise is Madam Marie Powers, the American prima donna whose appearance in *The Medium* was such a revelation. The revelation this time is that she can be as amusing as she has been dramatic, as gaily light as she is, physically, somewhat heavy and that, knowing no French at all, she has memorized the entire role by rote and yet gives an absolutely convincing performance, and, of course, what a voice!

A young Italian from the north goes bathing

DIAMANTE DEODATA LULING BUSCHETTI is a young woman with the sparkling personality her name suggests; she is ten years old. Her father is Count Enrico Luling Buschetti, who comes from Milan, and her mother is Countess Marina Luling Buschetti, who comes from Venice, and is the daughter of Count Volpi of Misurata

Photographed by Tony Armstrong Jones





At the Theatre

THE LONSDALE TOUCH

"PLAINTIFF IN A PRETTY HAT (Duchess Theatre) concerns a breach of promise case in the stratum of high society, a theme so popular in the thirties. The urbane and witty Earl of Hewlyn (Hugh Williams, below) needs all his ingenuity to rescue his son Lord Plynlmmon (Richard Johnson) from an awkward romantic situation. The ladies concerned are Lady Susan Creel (Shirley Cain), the young peer's true love, and Jenny Wren (Andree Melly), the plaintiff herself, an unscrupulous young woman of unlimited resource. Above, Watkyn (Eynon Evans), the old Celtic retainer, seeks consolation in the harp. Drawings by Emmwood



ONE type of English comedy has changed very little with the years. It blandly takes for granted an urbane audience in affable after-dinner mood. Today we find the assumption somehow comforting. It seems to testify to the fundamental continuity of things. Wilde wrote this comedy for our grandfathers, Mr. Maugham for our fathers, Milne and Lonsdale for our younger selves, and here is *Plaintiff In A Pretty Hat* inviting us to believe that we still dine well enough to arrive at the Duchess in the mood to enjoy the theatrical equivalent of a good light liqueur.

The co-authors of this slightest of slight comedies are Mr. Hugh Williams, who himself plays the lead, and his wife. It need not be pretended that they have Wilde's wit, Mr. Maugham's gift for story-telling, Milne's casual grace or Lonsdale's epigrammatic fecundity; but they are in the tradition. They seem able to find for any given situation the kind of light comedy lines that are traditionally effective. Hardly ever have the lines the ring of originality; it is by their appropriateness and the deftness of their arrangement that they amuse.

The comedy is, of course, one of those most highly gilded affairs. It would not be in the tradition if it were not. Momentarily we may regret that our dinner collars no longer have the glossy rectitude they would have had when the tradition was in its prime. We ought surely not only to feel but also to look our best in the presence of characters all of whom, except the butler and a journalist, are titled. But we are soon put at our ease. These people may have titles which we hope are ancient, but for all that they know the pressures of the modern world. To them hardships—on the stage at least—strike doubly hard, and estates are a burden that those of us without them are fortunate in not having to shoulder.

THE Earl of Hewlyn can only keep his tenants' cottages in decent repair by periodically exiling himself from his Welsh estate in a twenty-five guinea flat in S.W.1. He is so short of cash that if he wants to toss half a crown to an organ grinder making the mews below hideous, he has to borrow it from his butler. He has no dining-room and must lunch his guests at an inconveniently small occasional table. It is thus made easy for us to feel for Lord Hewlyn as a man and a brother while observing the respect due to one who swigs pink champagne as often as he wishes and, voluntarily undertaking to do a woman journalist out of her marital expectations, boasts that his cunning is hereditary.

There is something, indeed there is a good deal, to be said against the woman journalist. Lord Hewlyn's son, the susceptible Lord Plynlmmon, has promised to marry her and has since promised to marry Lady Susan. She doesn't mind losing Lord Plynlmmon, but she thinks that she ought to receive by way of monetary compensation rather more than the family estate can afford.

As Lord Hewlyn would prefer to put it, more than his tenants can afford to let him pay. That, she briskly points out, is not her concern. She is prepared to take the suit to court and, as a sort of Evelyn Waugh journalistic character, to arrange for a little preliminary publicity which will make the boy and his new love look particularly foolish. There is (when we come to think of it) really nothing to be said for this young woman except that she has suffered a technical wrong and wears a pretty hat. It is the hat that stirs the mildly eccentric peer to the depths of his hereditary cunning.

I am told that the authors have broken a capital rule of story-telling in not arranging a denouement showing the prospective biter herself being bitten good and hard, but I do not believe that will matter much in this instance. The entertainment rests not on the plot but on the peer, and Mr. Williams makes him a figure at once agreeable and amusing, dexterously pointing each comic line with the air of throwing it away and, when forced at last to cope with passages of formal sentiment, surprisingly, managing to give them the force of sincerity.

The acting backs up the play well. There is a good performance by Mr. Eynon Evans as a butler dressed as a gamekeeper and playing the harp, a character much in the spirit of this type of comedy. Miss Andree Melly tries, and almost successfully, to redeem the unpleasantness of the heroine with a pleasing brightness, and Miss Shirley Cain and Mr. Richard Johnson are the embarrassed young people. —Anthony Cookman



TO DANCE IN MOSCOW

MISS NADIA NERINA, the South African ballerina, is seen in the title role of the Stravinsky ballet "The Firebird," which will be in the repertoire when the Sadler's Wells company goes to Moscow. It is a part that Miss Nerina was acclaimed in at Covent Garden recently. The company will open at the Bolshoi Theatre in November

*Photograph by
Houston Rogers*



A HOMECOMING BALL FOR "THE CHERRY PICKERS"

THE 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own), widely known as "the Cherry Pickers," held their first ball in England since their return after twenty years' service abroad. Nearly five hundred

officers and their guests attended the event at the Hyde Park Hotel. Above: Capt. I. de Sales La Terriere, Miss S. Speed, Mrs. Bricknell, Mr. J. Power, Major F. J. Bricknell, Mrs. Power



Capt. Earl Bathurst was in conversation with Mrs. James Mitchell



Mrs. J. F. B. Combe, wife of Maj.-Gen. Combe, with Col. A. V. C. Roberts



Mrs. F. H. Sutton, Lt.-Col. R. H. Chadwick, Mrs. V. McCalmont and Mrs. N. Wild

The Hon. Mrs. John Geddes, the Hon. Major John Geddes and Lord Newall were among the guests

Mr. Fred Pearson, Miss Hiliary Laidlaw-Thompson, Miss Elizabeth Rickett and Miss Angela March





Desmond O'Neill

Major T. I. Pitman and Mrs. Pitman admiring the regimental silver which was on display. The ball was the occasion of a great reunion of past and present officers of the Regiment

A.-Col. R. M. H. M. Grant Thorold, the present C.O., with Miss Ann Hawkins

Mr. Michael Elwes and Miss Susan Longfield watching the dancers

Miss Carol Pease and Capt. Tom Hall who were on their way to the ballroom





At the Pictures

Elspeth Grant

MISS MONROE STOPS THE TRAFFIC

SOMEbody once asked Mr. Clark Gable, "What is it like to be the screen's greatest lover?" "It's a living," replied Mr. Gable modestly. Had anybody asked Miss Marilyn Monroe, a year or two ago, "What is it like to be a sex symbol?" they would probably have received the same reply—but wistfully delivered, with a sigh at the thought of what Hollywood will do to exploit a girl's vital statistics and what it will not do to let her develop as an actress.

Since 1947, when she made an appearance as evanescent as the title in *Summer Lightning* and was chased around the set by Mr. Groucho Marx in *Love Happy*, Miss Monroe has been fighting to prove she can act. *Asphalt Jungle*, in which I first glimpsed her, gave her, as Mr. Louis Calhern's "niece," nothing to do but look like the sort of young person who would rather be a rich old man's darling than a mother's help. She looked it.

She was dumb and decorative in *All About Eve* (1950) and during the next two years figured (I use the word advisedly) in seven films which somehow seem to have eluded the critics. Then, in 1953, came *Niagara*. "Two Great Forces Of Nature Meet" (or words to that effect) screamed the posters—presenting a cute view of that little old waterfall and one of Miss Monroe rampant in skin-tight scarlet satin.

MISS MONROE was clearly the superior force: at least, so the studios must have thought—for while they didn't bother to tell us a word about *Niagara* they bombarded us with information about Miss Monroe.

Within days, all the playboys of the Western world knew (and were meant to be drooling over) Miss Monroe's height, weight, bust, waist and hip measurements and the titillating fact that she had once posed in the nude for a calendar—a thing that anybody might do if they were starving, as Dame Edith Sitwell is alleged to have remarked compassionately. From then on, Miss Monroe was the victim of a publicity campaign that concentrated solely on her physical aspect.

It did not matter that as the myopic siren in *How To Marry A*

Millionaire she displayed a pretty gift for comedy, or that there was a disarming air of childlike innocence about her in *The Seven Year Itch*. One of the publicity gentlemen had coined the phrase "sex symbol" and Miss Monroe was doomed to be it. Who cared if she had genuine talent so long as she had pin-up proportions? Only Miss Monroe—who knew she deserved to be accepted as something more than a pin-up girl (pure and simple, I almost said, though meaning, of course, half-naked and unashamed).

WITH *Bus Stop*—a rowdy but well-scripted comedy, directed by Mr. Joshua Logan—Miss Monroe wins her battle for recognition as an actress. She gives a performance that I found touching in the extreme: she creates a character entirely credible—absurd, pathetic, lovable and profoundly human. She has never been so appealing as she is in the tattered, tawdry finery and torn fish-net tights of Cherie, the "chantoose" at the Blue Dragon Café, Phoenix Arizona.

Cherie ("It means dear one") was born among the hill-billies of the Ozarks and speaks in an accent that lies half-way between the Deep South and Aldgate East. She is heading for Hollywood, hoping to become a second Hildegard—though conspicuously untalented. (Miss Monroe's rendering of "That Old Black Magic," with gestures, is so brilliantly awful, one is torn between delirious laughter and tears.) For a girl who pines to be respected, it's sorry work having to entertain the drunks at the Blue Dragon—but she's sure if she follows her secret heart and sticks to her "direction" ("You gotta have a *direction*, otherwise you just go round in circles") she'll reach the top.

Mr. Don Murray, an exuberant cowboy from Montana, comes to Phoenix for the annual rodeo. He has no experience of women but reckons you can handle 'em same as you handle steers: if you want to tie one you just go right ahead and do it. In Cherie he recognizes the angel he intends to marry—and it does not occur to him that she might have plans of her own. When he has won every conceivable event in the rodeo, Mr. Murray



THREE STEPS in Marilyn Monroe's career as an actress. Above: in *The River Of No Return* as a saloon singer in the Great Northwest. Centre: In *How To Marry A Millionaire* she played a myopic mannequin who tried to do so. Left: Miss Monroe touchingly portrays a honky tonk singer in her latest film *Bus Stop*

lassoes Cherie and bundles her into the night bus for Montana and his lonely ranch.

At the bus stop where they are halted for the night by a snowstorm, Cherie, trembling with cold, fear and rage, tries to escape. Mr. Murray turns ugly and kicks up such a ruckus that the muscular bus-driver, Mr. Robert Bray, soundly beats him up. Morning comes and the humiliated and chastened cowboy prepares to take his leave of the pale chantoose. The little love scene that follows—so awkward and so tender—is quite the most affecting I have seen for a long time.

I found Mr. Murray, who has a voice suitable for calling hogs from the next county, more than somewhat of a trial. The supporting cast, including Mr. Arthur O'Connell as Mr. Murray's elderly mentor, Miss Betty Field as a hard-boiled café proprietress and Miss Eileen Heckart as a gormless waitress, is excellent, and the rodeo scenes splendidly exciting.

As for Miss Monroe: whether or not she, like Cherie, has stuck to "a direction" all these years I do not know—but I am here to say that Miss Monroe, the actress, has definitely arrived.

MILLE. BRIGITTE BARDOT, a perfect pet, leads in M. Marc Allegret's *Mam'selle Striptease*—an engaging little comedy (not half as *risque* as it sounds) about a general's daughter who runs away from home to Paris, lives with her brother (M. Darry Cowl) in the Balzac Museum, innocently sells one of the exhibits and enters a strip-tease contest to raise the cash to buy it back. M. Daniel Gelin, a journalist, M. Robert Hirsch, a newspaper photographer, and M. Mischa Auer, a glorious Russian taxi-driver, are involved. M. Cowl is a new comedian of dazzling talent: I do not know the French word for a Goon—but whatever it is it's the *mot juste* for this entrancing personality.

PASCAL LAMORISSE plays a small boy who finds a red balloon that follows him everywhere in *The Red Balloon*, written and directed by Pascal's father, Albert Lamorisse. Set in the twisting streets of Montmartre, this film won the Grand Prix for Short Subjects at Cannes this year and is at present showing at the Odeon, Leicester Square





THE HON. MRS. HONOR EARL, the artist, who is a niece of Somerset Maugham, has an exhibition of her work at the Walker Galleries, New Bond Street. Entitled "Stars Of Today And Tomorrow," it includes many famous faces, and is in aid of the Actors' Orphanage



LANDSCAPES AND PORTRAITS by David Rolt are the subject of an exhibition opening tomorrow at the Hazlitt Gallery, in Ryder Street, S.W.1. The above drawing, entitled "A Garden Gate At The Chateau De Frucourt," was executed with a quill pen in Chinese ink

Book Reviews

OFF THE MAP IN SPAIN

PETER DE POLNAY'S **Descent From Burgos** (Robert Hale, 16s.) is a good book about adventurous Spanish travel. In Spain, for the foreigner taking chances, there is seldom such a thing as a routine day—either you relish this, or you don't: happily Mr. de Polnay did. For him, predicaments have a flavour of their own, and he conveys this to us with charm and naivety. Hungarian by birth, novelist—as you will all know—by profession, he is that unusual thing a true cosmopolitan. A number of countries are well known by him. Even so, Spain off the beaten track was a fascinating enigma.

True, he had known and loved Spain before the Civil War. This time, revisiting Spain after many years, he determined not to go back on his former tracks. He avoided places where he had been before; he sought fresh impressions rather than stirred-up memories. Estremadura and Old Castile, Salamanca and Western Andalucia are, accordingly, the regions pictured for us.

Only in the pleasant, lazy Puerto de Santa Maria, across the bay from Cadiz, did he finally enter consistent sunshine. Here he came to rest, to make a start on writing this book. Mr. de Polnay was, I would suggest, somewhat rash in his choice of a time of year. In a spring so early and raw as to be all but winter, he crossed the frontier from France and arrived at Burgos. The elements held back their extreme rigours from that sedate city of glassed-in balconies, and the great gold-gloomed cathedral that he fell in love with. Subsequently, however, this was not so—what Mr. de Polnay has not got to say about rain in Spain is not worth hearing.

STILL more unrelenting were the grit-laden winds which lowered his morale in Valladolid (the city, he felt, did not like him), rendered Salamanca still more sombre, and in Caceres increased his nervous sensation of being trapped in the past. After this, a taste of the fleshpots of Seville, plus a breath of that city's far-famed gaieties, came in well. Cadiz, he found lacking in atmosphere, Ronda ghastly.

Descent From Burgos appeals to me as a book of lively, unorthodox personal reactions. Mr. de Polnay, happily, has not forced himself to be "correct" in his attitude to anything. Hence, each page has honesty, colour and vivacity—not to speak of infectious humour and great good-humour. All-in-all, our author thoroughly enjoyed himself.

"If you write a travel book," Mr. de Polnay was warned by an acquaintance in a train dining-car, "cut out history, art and architecture." In that case, he asked, doubtful, what would be left? Prompt came the answer: "People and things. . . ." The book as it was finally written is a successful merger.

★ ★ ★

A YOUTHFUL crook, very well worth saving, is pictured in **Eldorado Jane**, by Phyllis Bottome (Faber, 15s.). Californian in origin, Jane, at the age of twelve, had left home for ever after an incident in which her stepmother, as Miss Anita Loos would put it, "became shot." George, a representative of the British crime world, acquired Jane and smuggled her into England, with some notion that she might come in handy. Till now, he has passed her off as his "daughter": he begins to feel it is time that her rôle changed.

Our heroine, when the story opens, is sixteen, an accomplished pickpocket and being groomed for stardom in cat-burglary. She is, however, caught red-handed, and in no good spirit finds herself in a remand home, with an "approved school" looming ahead. Miss Bottome has made a close and critical study of such institutions, and *Eldorado Jane* brings to light several basic defects: though, in balance against these we meet the inspired,

[Continued on page 294]



Chris Ware

SIR MORTIMER WHEELER, the eminent archaeologist, here seated at his desk in the British Academy, has through the medium of television succeeded in bringing the meaning of archaeology and a knowledge of the antique to a very wide public, and in so doing has become one of TV's brightest stars. Sir Mortimer, who was a brigadier in the Salerno landings in 1943 and won the M.C. in 1917 as a battery commander, is President of the Society of Antiquaries and Secretary of the British Academy. The Roman civilization is his particular subject, and he was until last year Professor of the Archaeology of the Roman Provinces, in the University of London





Michel Molin

Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

THE beautifully draped evening dress in snow white silk jersey on the far left comes from Susan Small. On classic Grecian lines, the strapless bodice is full at the back and draped high and scarf-like across the throat. Price 15 gns. from Debenham and Freebody. Roecliff and Chapman's evening dress in lustrous satin (left) is strapless and in a deep plum colour. The bodice is embroidered in crystal and sequins, the wide skirt has a bustle back. Approx. 49½ gns. With it is worn a cape stole lined in pink. Price 12½ gns. approx. from Peggy Carter, Berkeley St. As a foil for evening dresses the ermine stole above is perfect

MAGIC ELEGANCE AT MIDNIGHT



For after six o'clock

FOR dinner, the theatre or dancing, Julian Rose's dress (opposite) fills the bill. In black satin, it has a wide square bodice and full skirt. Price 31½ gns., stocked by Harrods. The Susan Small dress in cinnamon coloured tulle has a deep neckline, draped shoulders and bodice. The pleated skirt has a satin sash caught with a yellow rose. Price 25 gns., from Woollands, Knightsbridge



John French

FOR THE DANCE

THE pure silk chiffon short evening dress (opposite) from Rima is skilfully draped in a double layer of cocoa brown over palest lilac, giving a shade of glowing smoky-pink. It is mounted on its own petticoat. Price approx. 80 gns., at Rocha, Grafton St.

Confirming the popularity of the draped dress is this example from Henri Gowns. This black French crepe cocktail dress has a scooped out neckline and tapering skirt. Price 24 gns. at Marshall and Snelgrove

This full-length evening dress in ruby de-lustred velvet by Mary Black is high waisted and has a brief bodice in sequin embroidered white velvet, finished with a ruby bow. It is obtainable at Woollands and costs 39 gns.







KNITTING IN THE NEWS

A USEFUL and adaptable dress in black ribbed jersey from Holyrood has a straight neckline, tiny half sleeves and is belted at the waist. Price £5 2s. 6d. Worn over the dress is (opposite) a creamy brushed wool jacket shaped like an elongated cardigan. Price £5 2s. 6d. The attractive broad brimmed hat with its high ribbed crown is in creamy beige felt, price £2 1s. Gold bangles 21s. and 15s. 6d., cream fabric gloves 19s. 11d. All from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street



John French

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

New decorations for evening stars

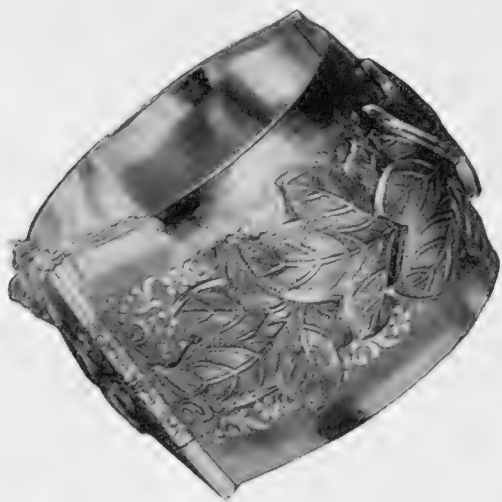
FOR cocktail time, for dinner, the theatre, dances and evening parties these delightfully gilded accessories will add lustre to your dress

— JEAN CLELAND

A luxurious red satin stole, decorated with gold wheat design, price £6 6s., which can be obtained at Harrods

Below: Red ribbon with gilt embossed velvet, 18s. 11d. a yard; embroidered Lurex ribbons in honeysuckle and butterfly designs, 8s. 9d. per yard. Dickins and Jones





Bracelet in oxydized metal embossed with ivy leaves, £2. It comes from Dickins and Jones



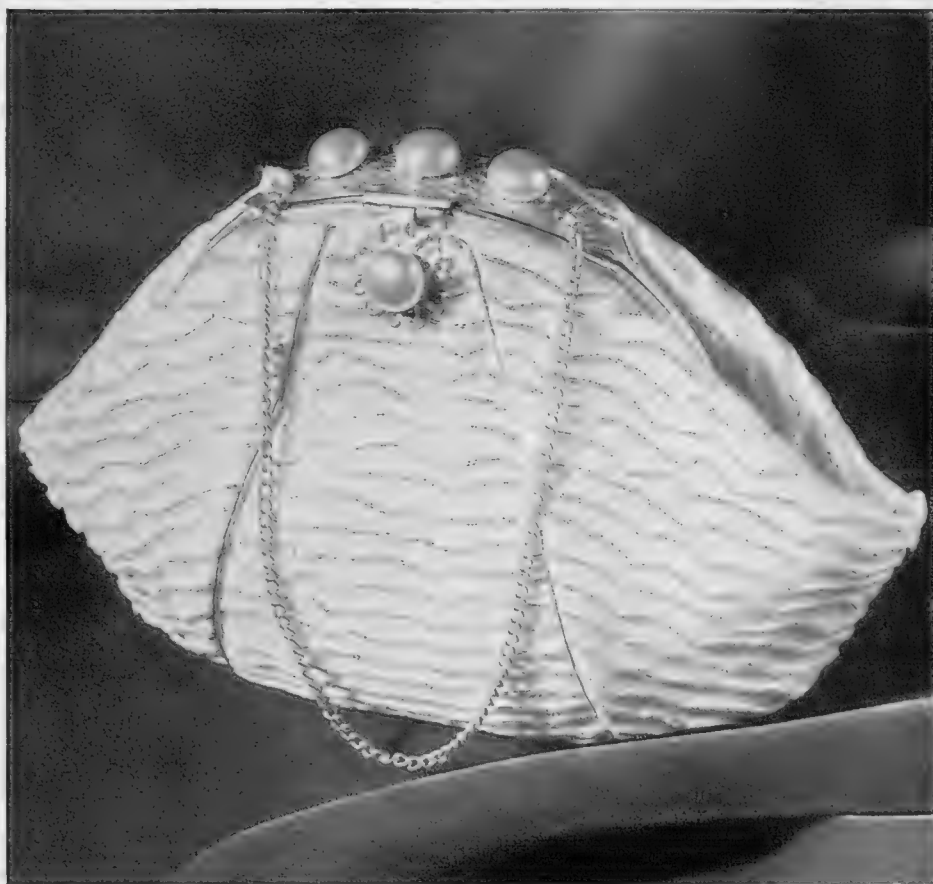
Left: Fob brooch in gilt with coloured drops, £2 15s., from Debenham and Freebody

Below: Venetian jewellery, necklet, £2 10s., matching ear-rings, 15s. Single row necklace, blown pink and golden, with hand painted flowers, £1 12s. 6d., ear-rings, 11s. 6d. Dickins and Jones



Above: Handsomely embroidered evening bag. The beauty of which is that it will go with most dresses, £29 10s. Debenham and Freebody

Below: A charming evening bag for young people which is both plain and very smart. £2 2s. Debenham and Freebody





A PINK MAKE-UP CAPE, £1 1s., nylon sleeping net, 17s. 6d., sleeping gloves, 13s. 6d., and laundry bag, £1 17s. 6d. From Elizabeth Arden



Dennis Smith

Beauty

Holiday follow-up

LISTENING to two women talking in a hotel lounge recently, I was reminded of the old saying, "Two men looked out of prison bars, one saw mud, the other stars."

Said the first woman, "Oh, how I hate the autumn. So sad, so dreary, with its dripping trees, falling leaves, wet pavements, and cloudy skies."

Said the second: "Do you now! How strange. Autumn doesn't seem that way to me. I love so much about it. Trees blazing with colour, gardens and florists' shops bright with Michaelmas daisies, chrysanthemums and full of their tangy scent. I adore coming in from the cold outside to the warmth within, and the cosiness of tea and crumpets by the fire. I look forward also to the long evenings in which to read, and to the parties that add their sparkle to the season, like sequins, scattered here and there throughout the weeks."

Well, there you are, the same thing with two totally different viewpoints.

I incline to the second, and find autumn not only beautiful, but exciting. If we want to look our brightest and best for the festivities that gather speed from now until Christmas and after, we must let it stimulate us to new beauty efforts.

MOST people find, at this time of year, that as a result of summer certain aspects of their appearance need reconditioning; and for practical purposes it is as well to start at the top and work downwards.

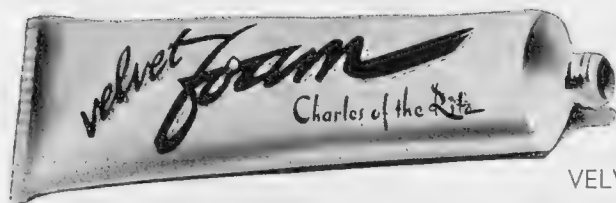
Those who, during their holidays, did a fair amount of sea bathing, will need to pay a little extra attention to their hair. Salt water and sand blowing off the beaches sometimes have an irritating effect on the scalp, which results in the hair losing its sheen and lustre. Before having a fresh perm I would strongly advise a few conditioning treatments at a good hairdresser's. With scalp massage and special preparations the hair soon recovers its natural health and beauty, and this makes all the difference to the perm—which "takes" better—to the shampoos and sets that follow, and to the look of the whole head. The finest hair-do in the world fails to look sleek and elegant if the hair itself is lacking in vitality, or is either too dry or too oily to be set to the best advantage. So if you are in any way troubled about the condition of your hair, do make a few specialized treatments the first consideration. You will find them richly rewarding.

WHAT about the complexion? If you went abroad, and were able well and truly to bask in the heat, then you may be having second thoughts about the bronzed skin of which you were once so proud.

The tan which looks so lovely with white swimsuits and bright summer frocks is not nearly so attractive with black, or the more formal town clothes. The trouble is that it takes so long to go, and ends up with a dinginess that is difficult to disperse. You can, however, speed the process if you are prepared to take a little trouble. I would advise two things. If you live in town, or at not too great a distance away, then have a few bleaching treatments at a reliable salon. In between whiles, apply a good bleaching cream before going to bed. If your skin is dry you must only use this every other night, alternating it with skin food to counteract any drying effects.

Many people complain that they notice the appearance of little lines and wrinkles after a holiday. This is often due to the extra dryness of the skin after being exposed to the sun. The best way of dealing with them is to get a richly nutritive skin food, and a bottle of muscle oil. Mix a few drops of the oil with the skin food in the palm of the hand, then massage the two in together, both night and morning for a time. In the morning leave the mixture on while having a bath. The steam opens the pores, and enables them to absorb the nutriment.

—Jean Cleland



VELVET FOAM . . . a new face wash that supplants soap-and-water washing. Velvet Foam gives your face an exhilarating feeling of scrubbed cleanliness, yet leaves it silken soft. Non-alkaline, non-drying, its luxurious lather cleans gently and thoroughly without washing away the natural oils that keep your skin looking young. At your favourite department store

Charles of the Ritz



Miss Elisabeth Ann Buckley, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Graham Buckley, The Rifle Brigade, and of Mrs. Jordan, of Fovant, Wiltshire, is engaged to Mr. John Anthony de Normann, son of Sir Eric and Lady de Normann, of Weybridge

Ian Graham



Curran—Bostock. The marriage took place recently at St. Mary's Church, Stafford, between Mr. Edward J. Curran, only son of Dr. and Mrs. Curran, of Stafford, and Miss Elspeth M. Bostock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Bostock, of Barn Bank, Hyde Lea, Staffs



Fraser—Mackintosh. Mr. Simon Fraser, son of the late Hon. Alastair Fraser and of Lady Sybil Fraser, of Moniack Castle, Inverness, married Miss Jane Mackintosh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Mackintosh, of Chelsea, at Our Most Holy Redeemer, S.W.3

Ian Graham

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Eric Coop

Miss Brenda M. P. Hamilton, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. P. Hamilton, of Oakdene, Gander Hill, Haywards Heath, Sussex, has become engaged to Mr. Roger A. G. Neville, second son of Mr. and Mrs. G. G. G. Neville, of Woodbrow, Woodham Lane, Woking



Navana Vandyk, Wilmslow

Miss Patricia Ann Gresham, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Gresham, of Bexton Croft, Toft Road, Knutsford, Cheshire, has announced her engagement to Lt. Ewart Brian Bibby, R.N., only son of Mrs. P. Bibby and of the late Mr. F. E. Bibby, of Warrington



Miss Alison Mary Cummings, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Cummings, of East Culme House, Cullompton, Devon, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Richard Fenton Barclay, youngest son of the Rev. G. A. and Mrs. Barclay, of Leigh Cottage, Roydon, Essex

Vandyk

THEY WERE MARRIED



Mackaness—Skinner. Capt. R. J. Mackaness, 1st Dragoon Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mackaness, of Gilmorton, Rugby, married Miss Heather Thane St. Duthus Skinner, only daughter of the late Lt.-Col. S. St. Duthus Skinner, R.E., and Mrs. Skinner, of Woodstock, Seaview, Isle of Wight, at St. George's Garrison Church, Tanglin, Singapore

Cator—Storey. Mr. Francis Cator, younger son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. J. Cator, of Woodbastwick Hall, Norfolk, was recently married to Miss Jacquetta Storey, daughter of Mr. S. Storey, M.P., and of the late Mrs. Storey, of Settrington House, Malton, Yorkshire, at Settrington Parish Church

Buchanan—Phillips. The wedding took place at St. Michael's Church, Beccles, of Mr. John Buchanan, only son of Cdr. and Mrs. A. G. Buchanan, of Laurel Farm, Barsham, Suffolk, and Miss Susan Phillips, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Geoffrey Phillips, of Beccles, Suffolk





An original model by

Sybil Connolly

in Irish hand-crochet
and pure silk satin.

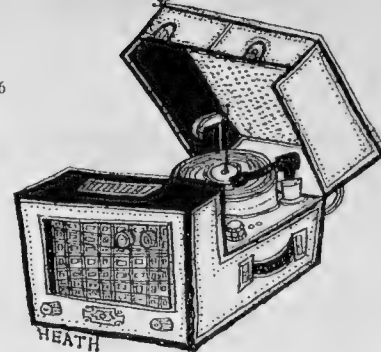
from the Gainsborough Room Collection

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1.

Gramophone Notes

MUSIC WITH A MILITARY VIGOUR



ALL who heard that wonderful Soviet Army Ensemble when it was recently appearing in London will be enchanted by the records now available. On these you will hear "Snow Flakes," Shaparin's "Soldier's Chorus," "Volga Boat Song" and "Tipperary." How proud the late Jack Judge would have been to know that his immortal "Tipperary" is given such a magnificent performance.

Those who once judged the standards of Russian choral singing by the Don Cossack Choir must now give priority to the artistry and execution of the Soviet Army Ensemble. (Columbia LB 151-2.)

Music with a suspicion of the military about it, if only in name, turns up with five L.P.s made by the late Glenn Miller and the U.S.A. Army Air Force Band. On these recordings you will hear pianist Mel Powell, drummer Ray McKinley, clarinetist Peanuts Hucko, The Crew Chiefs and other fine soloists with a repertoire that includes "Blue Danube," "The Dipsy Noddle," "Mission To Moscow," "Jeep Jockey Jump," "Over There," "Stompin' At The Savoy," "St. Louis Blues," "Poinciana" and "I Can't Give You Anything But Love." It should be noted that these records are not obtainable separately. The complete set costs £8 9s. 9½d. (including tax) and will be supplied in a specially designed presentation box. (H.M.V. CLP 1077-1081.)

That magnificent down-to-earthly doll Pearl Bailey makes a welcome reappearance with Louis Bellson and his orchestra, singing "Tired," and "Go Back Where You Stayed Last Night."

Miss Bailey certainly knows how to cope with the most demanding of guys (H.M.V. P.O.P. 244).

Introducing Tony Crombie, a young man who has a knowledgeable finger on the pulse of public taste. A great deal of nonsense has been written recently about Rock 'n' Roll, and as a pioneer of a much more compulsive rhythm some twenty-five years ago I do not propose to go into all that dreary Rock 'n' Roll business. I only wish to state that Mr. Crombie with his Rockets offers "Short'nin' Bread Rock" and "Teach You To Rock" from the film *Rock Around The Clock*. Way back over twenty-five years ago there was a dance called the Charleston and another called the Black Bottom: to execute each was the height of chic! Both were far more hilarious than any type of Rock 'n' Roll. So hear Tony Crombie and his Rockets and enjoy his sense of rhythm because I've got news for you—he's quite rightly going to Rock 'n' Roll himself to the top (Columbia DB 3822).

It is most appropriate that Stanley Holloway has at last been given the opportunity to discourse about "Old Sam" and "The Ramsbottoms" on a recent L.P. His characterizations include "Marksman Sam," "Sam's Medal" and "The Lion And Albert." At present Stanley Holloway is enjoying much deserved success in the Broadway smash hit *My Fair Lady*. When he eventually returns perhaps he'd introduce us to further adventures of both "Sam" and "Albert" because, quite seriously, neither of these characters should be allowed to disappear into the gramophonic void. (Columbia 33 S.1093.) —Robert Tredinnick

Book Reviews

[Continued from page 278]

ART OF THE CARTOON

admirable Miss Bartlett. The development of the very exciting plot I would not for anything reveal. Jane herself, her peculiar relationship with George, and her reactions to the corrective process, are wonderfully drawn. This is a compelling book.

★ ★ ★

THE editors of *Cartoon Treasury* (Collins, 25s.), Lucy Black Johnson and Pyke Johnson, Jr., have ranged far afield, and brought in an imposing harvest. The work of French, Canadian, Italian, German and Danish artists stands out particularly well; our own British team loses little by being rivalled, and several Americans not up to now well known here are now rewardingly introduced to us. To the U.S.S.R., Japan and India we owe, also, a number of wry grins. Some famous stars in this line have not been able to join the party, presumably for copyright reasons, and one is sorry—as are, no doubt, the editors. But as a whole *Cartoon Treasury* is an all-round achievement, which should entertain, even edify, your home. Make an early note of it for your Christmas-present list.

★ ★ ★

AUTHOR of *The Sweetbread, And Other Stories* (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) is Michelle Maurois. Literary descent does not always make for literary ability; but in this case the daughter of Andre Maurois shows her father's gift—though in a quite different vein. Here are fourteen tales, in which sophistication goes with a down-to-earth good sense. The touch is light, high-spirited, but no less sure.

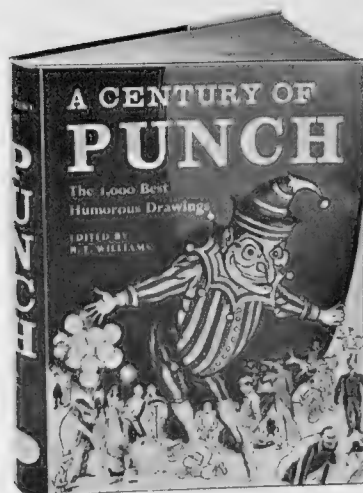
Mlle. Maurois's outlook is, on the whole, satirical. Her subjects are sometimes social, sometimes family life—as to the latter, she nurses few illusions. The Martin-Leduc household, squabbling



LIPIZZANER BROOD MARES grazing in corral, an illustration from Princess Mathilde Windisch-Graetz's new book, "The Spanish Riding School" (Cassell, 42s.)

over a sweetbread during the close-rations days of the Occupation, are only less funny than Monsieur and Madame seeking a wedding present (for the daughter of an important client) on the cheap—this tale could be worthy of Guy de Maupassant. And so, I think, possibly, could "Aunt Phiphi"—a story in which "the woman in the background," disastrous influence on an important minister, is far, far from being of the expected kind.

"In A State Of Grace"—a girl's qualms on the eve of her wedding to the "suitable" non-young man approved by her people—and "Photographs"—the wellnigh crushing to death of a young wife by a monster mother-in-law—deal with situations more common in France than Britain. Otherwise, the stories in *The Sweetbread* well apply to life on this—our—side of the Channel. Unless you find, as you may, that in "Perfect Harmony," Mlle. Maurois's taste for the bizarre has overreached itself.



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Motoring

A FIRM ANSWER TO THE PESSIMISTS

Oliver Stewart

MY recollections of this year's Motor Show are coloured by the impression that British manufacturers gave, at Earls Court, a firm answer to the charge of complacency. Dr. Llewellyn Smith remarked that the show came at a moment when the British industry was in process of re-orientation. The marshalling of technical and other forces is going on in order that competition from the Continent may be met.

Some expected that the British industry, in coping with that competition, would imitate Continental methods and rush into new, advanced and adventurous designs. Such a course would have been a mistake. Cautious and rather slow development is the mark of the British car, and it is a good thing not to forget it. There was the general raising of power outputs by increased engine compression ratios; and there was the almost universal move towards automatic transmission systems. Powered steering and disc brakes were brought into the picture.

Now for something about the Jaguar programme, which was revealed at a special party on the day of the S.M.M.T. pre-show conference. The Mark VIII Jaguar is the new model and it is clearly aimed at those motorists who like to have something a little more lavish than the basic model. Market analysis has indicated that the numbers of such people are sufficiently large to warrant the modification and production work that is entailed. Several companies now offer these elaborated versions of their basic models.

The Mark VIII Jaguar's engine has a new cylinder head and induction system and twin exhausts. The car can be bought with manual control, with overdrive or with fully automatic transmission. The price with automatic transmission and with tax included is £1,997 17s. The Mark VII continues unchanged as do the XK140 models and the 2.4-litre models. Of the luxury provided by the Mark VIII the two Earls Court examples gave ample proof to the large crowds.

EVERY year at Motor Show time there are those who confidently predict the revival of "open-air" motoring; but so far their predictions have been wide of the mark. Convertibles have not made any noticeable inroads into the ordinary saloon market and all other kinds of open or openable cars are in specialized classes. But the development of the power-operated hood is putting a different complexion on things.

Manufacturers are finding out how to make power-operated hoods that seal when they are up and that do not make excessive demands in weight, complication and expense. The outstanding Earls Court example was the Ford Zodiac convertible. The power-operated hood is standard in this model which is priced at £1,253 17s. inclusive of tax. As I mentioned in an earlier article the Zephyr and the Zodiac saloons have automatic transmission systems as optional extras. It was pleasing to note that, among the many fully automatic transmission systems, one—that introduced by Rover—was of British origin.

Critics of the British motor industry will have difficulty in finding anything about which to rage and rant. Nevertheless, it would be wrong to expect them to keep quiet.

Being in such a strong position, the industry had no need to get excited when, on the eve of the opening of the show, the



THE BUICK "CENTURION" has a television camera in the boot which shows the driver following traffic

B.B.C. invited some members of the public to say "what they thought of British cars" in a television programme. The remarks were not considered criticisms, but were casual, imprecise comments such as one can hear every day. They did no damage and may even have done good. There are few things more dangerous than the suspicion that public announcements about British products are different from private opinions.

Where the B.B.C. was, perhaps, at fault, was in not allowing some equally outspoken comments on the other side. It was not difficult to think of answers to most of the criticisms; but there was nobody there to give them. Nevertheless my view is that this programme did no harm to British cars.

At the S.M.M.T. banquet, Mr. Macmillan was, as might be expected, the most skilful speaker and he contrived by his skill to avoid giving any direct answer to certain pithy points raised by the President, Mr. Perkins. I suppose the truth is that there is no answer to the argument that successive governments have neglected the roads of this country and that the present government is continuing to neglect them. The Chancellor rolled out the figures of the amount of money that is to be spent on roads; and he made them sound impressive—until one remembered that motorists are paying more than the total sum car-marked every year in taxes.



DURING the show itself there was the customary round of entertainment, beginning with the famous luncheon at the Clarendon given by the Chloride people. Again as usual, there was great difficulty about finding anywhere to park a car while visiting the show. I succeeded only once in finding space in the official parking area, and that was on the day of the press preview. Yet immense new buildings are going up in many parts of London without any provision for parking. One might have

expected that the planning authorities would have learned their lesson.

Jaguar's retirement from racing was not unexpected. In fact I hinted that it might happen in these columns some time ago. The company has done more than its share in keeping British sports cars in front and, although I shall certainly look forward to seeing Jaguars back in racing at some future date, I feel that their present decision is sound. Let it be hoped that other manufacturers will now come forward to carry on the good work.

WITH winter weather on the way, there are a few routine checks that are worth making to the car and its accessories. The most important concerns the battery. If the battery is two years old or more, and unless it is in particularly good condition, it will be worth renewing. Many battery makers now offer a replacement scheme which keeps the cost down.

Then the tyres should be examined. New covers, with sharp tread patterns, are a valuable aid to adhesion on slippery roads. The best time to change is about now. I favour tubeless tyres; but I hope in the future to try the new form of tyre which has a tubeless type of cover; but contains an extra air chamber (not an inner tube) which comes into operation if the cover is holed or otherwise damaged.

This is also a good time to treat the coachwork with wax.

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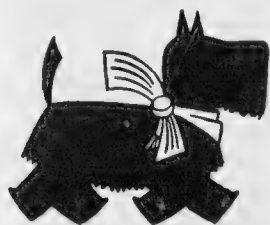
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DINING OUT

Success story

I MENTIONED last week that four of our expert chefs had gone to compete in the Cookery Exhibition at Frankfurt. They have returned. They not only won four Gold Medals, the maximum award which could be obtained, but so exceeded the number of points required for these awards that they were presented with a Grand Prix in gold and a special silver platter as a prize of honour. This against eleven other countries including France.

Ring the bells! It was a fine effort.

So was the party given at the Wellington Club by Victor Ledger. This was to celebrate considerable alterations to this comfortable club, such as the installation of some first-class air conditioning in the restaurant "down below," the removal of various walls, and alterations to the balcony, which gives a lot more room. The redecoration of the whole place includes new lighting, which, thank goodness, is bright enough to enable you to see what you are eating without the aid of an electric torch. Not that you need worry, because Michael Levy, the *maitre chef*, is first-class and I have never been disappointed up to date.

One thing I particularly commend about the Wellington Club is that if all you want is a carafe of *rose* and a couple of omelettes, you can have them and dance to your heart's content without there being any suggestion from the management or staff that you are a dead loss.

THE particular point about this cocktail party which made it go so well was that there were no cocktails; in other words, waiters did not circulate with trays of diluted dry Martinis and warm sherry. You went to the bar where head barman Fred Hockey, and his No. 2, Jim Rota, were working wonders and asked for what you wanted, whether it was a "Bloody Mary," a large Scotch, or a Manhattan.

Another powerful effort was the display and tasting of Italian wines which took place at the Café Royal, over a hundred wines being provi-



GAVARDI of the Connaught Rooms began his career in Switzerland and Germany and came to England in 1915. He has been restaurant manager at Claridge's, the Hyde Park Hotel, and most recently the Westbury Hotel

Ivon de Wynter

ded. It was a fortunate thing that I had just finished reading an excellent book *The Wines Of Italy* by Charles Bode (Peter Owen Limited, 16s.) because it enabled me when I tasted Verdicchio del Castelli di Jesi (an excellent and unusual wine, neither dry nor sweet, delicate yet strong and yellow in colour) to talk learnedly about "Albana" vintages and the stretch of the Adriatic Coast between Marina de Ravenna and Pesaro-Senigallia, from the southern end of which it is produced.

I tried a Valpolicella, which I had learnt was one of the renowned red wines of Verona; a bright, dry fresh and lively wine, also several others including a Recioto Amabile 1947, a rather remarkable deep red sparkling wine with a good deal of strength to it.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

A robust meal

IF the family is large enough to justify it, or if one has a houseful of young folk for a meal or, say, a weekend, I can think of nothing more satisfying and enjoyable for a main dish than La Potée, as it was served in the home of the *vigneron*, Monsieur M. Doyard, in Epernay.

We sat down—about twenty of us—to a very filling feast, typical of the Champagne country at the grape-harvest time. All over France, indeed, on special occasions, this dish appears in some similar presentation. I think that what is called "New England Boiled Dinner" in North America must have been based on La Potée, because, although the only meat used in it was pickled beef (what we know here as silverside), the vegetables were similar. I have always thought that a New England Boiled Dinner was one of the best of all main dishes during late autumn and the winter months.

A steaming huge tureen was brought to table and from it we picked out what we wanted—a piece of chicken, a piece of pork, a piece of beef, a really wonderful all-meat sausage, carrots, onions, turnips, potatoes, quartered cabbages, leeks. Far too much food, but irresistible. There was just enough delicious stock to moisten the meats and vegetables. The remainder, that evening, would be served as soup.

MY friend Jeannine, one of the best French home cooks I have ever met, to whom I referred last week, frequently serves this robust dish. She does this generally at weekends when her three growing boys are home from school on holiday and they have their friends in for meals. I find that Jeannine's way with La Potée is economical and, therefore, most laudable. For Saturday's lunch, she will serve the Potée beef and pork; in the evening, a perfect consonant from the stock; on Sunday night, cold chicken and, perhaps, some of the left-over pork. But the dish is not by any means exhausted then. There are delectable entrées—a wonderful risotto, for instance, or green or red sweet peppers, stuffed with the remnants of the meat.

In her case, the chicken and the meats are cooked whole then, just before the meat, cut into serving pieces, except for the chicken which is reserved for the next day.



"THE COOK." Chapter heading by Frank Martin from *The Housekeeping Book of Susanna Whatman*, 1776-1800 (Geoffrey Bles, 6s.)

Into an enormous pot she places a large boiling fowl, correctly trussed for cooking, as so seldom one sees it these days, a 2-3-lb. piece of beef, and a nice large piece of pickled pork or, sometimes, half a pig's head or pair of feet. These are covered deeply with cold water, the lid of the pot is put on tightly, and the mixture is brought to the boil. The heat is then reduced so that the meats are simmered gently for an hour.

NEXT, into the pot go whole onions, carrots, turnips, rather coarsely milled pepper and salt to taste. The lid is put on again and the meats are cooked for a further hour. Finally, leeks, not too large potatoes, a good "tight" cabbage, cut in quarters, and a "boiling ring" are added and all are cooked for another half to three-quarter hour or until the potatoes are ready.

A "boiling ring" requires explanation. It has, of course, nothing to do with a gas ring or electric plate! It is an all-meat Continental sausage, tied in a circle, obtainable from many Continental stores at prices ranging from 3s. 6d. upwards, depending on its weight. Jeannine would not use our own ordinary sausages. Not only are they not all meat but they are also so flavoured as to "affect" the Potée.

I almost forgot. Sometimes a piece of smoked bacon goes in with the sausage. Well, it does seem an extravagant dish but, when you consider how far it goes, it is really economical.

—Helen Burke

Surprise your guests with an

Evening à la Française

says

Constance Osborn.



The next time you have a few friends to dinner, why not follow the example of Lady Osborn. Entertain your guests with an evening à la Française: typically French food prepared and served the way they do it in Paris or Nice or Aix-en-Provence. Flan de Printemps, say, for the main course, together with wines and, of course, flowers for table decoration — the small touches that make eating on the Continent so much more exciting.

THAT CONTINENTAL FLAVOUR

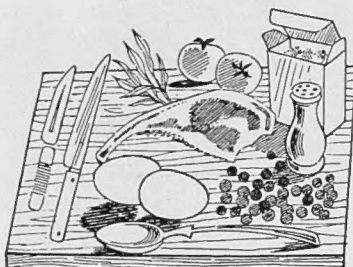
The first course presents no problems. Soup served with buttered toast starts off a meal with just that right touch of piquancy. But here's a tip. Don't try to compete with Maggi for soups. Maggi Soups are made from exclusive Continental recipes, and they have that real Continental flavour to distinction.



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FLAN DE PRINTEMPS

Here is a recipe particularly popular all over France.

4 Cooked Lamb Chops
2 Hard Boiled Eggs
2 Medium Size Firm Tomatoes
4 Level Tablesp. Cooked Peas
Some Sprigs of Mint
½ pt. Maggi Aspic Jelly
flavoured with two sprigs of
mint, remove before using

For pastry: 6 oz. flour, 1 Box Maggi Green Pea and Ham Soup or Maggi Mushroom Soup. 5 oz. Lard or Vegetable cooking fat.

Rub fat into flour and Maggi Soup powder. Blend to make short crusty pastry with water or egg and water mixed. Roll out, line in a narrow shallow tin. Bake blind and cool. Cover bottom of pastry case with layer of aspic jelly — almost set — and overlap slices of tomato and hard boiled egg to divide flan case in four. Place Chop or trimmed centre part of meat on aspic. Follow with cooked

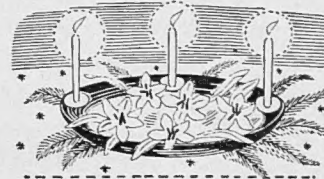
peas. Repeat until each piece of meat is decorated. Coat with rest of aspic jelly and leave until set. Garnish one end of each piece of meat with sprigs of mint.

ABOUT THE WINES

To give body to a fairly light main course like Flan de Printemps, try a red Burgundy — a Nuits St. George or a Beaune, or if you prefer Claret, a St. Emilion or St. Julien.

YOUR TABLE DECOR

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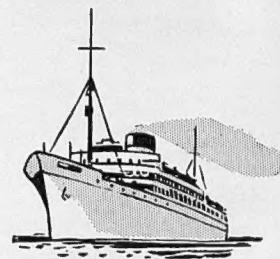


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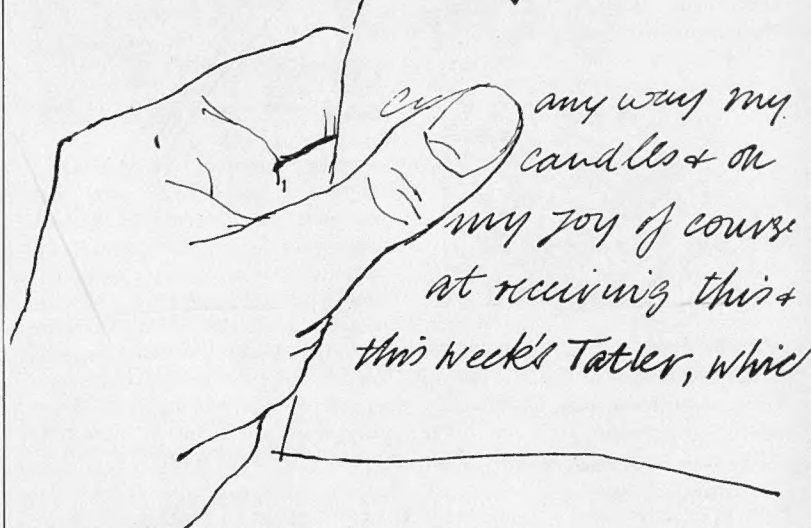
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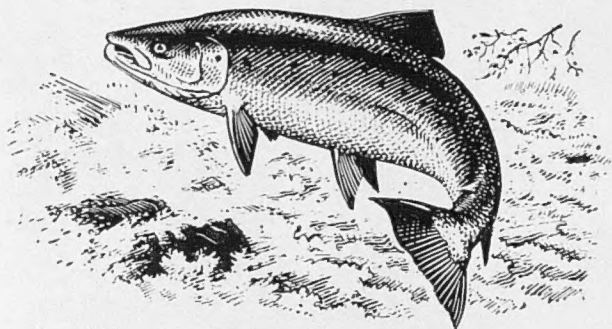
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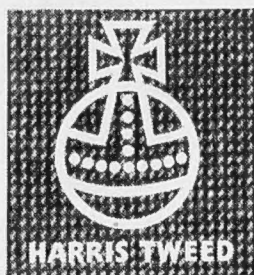
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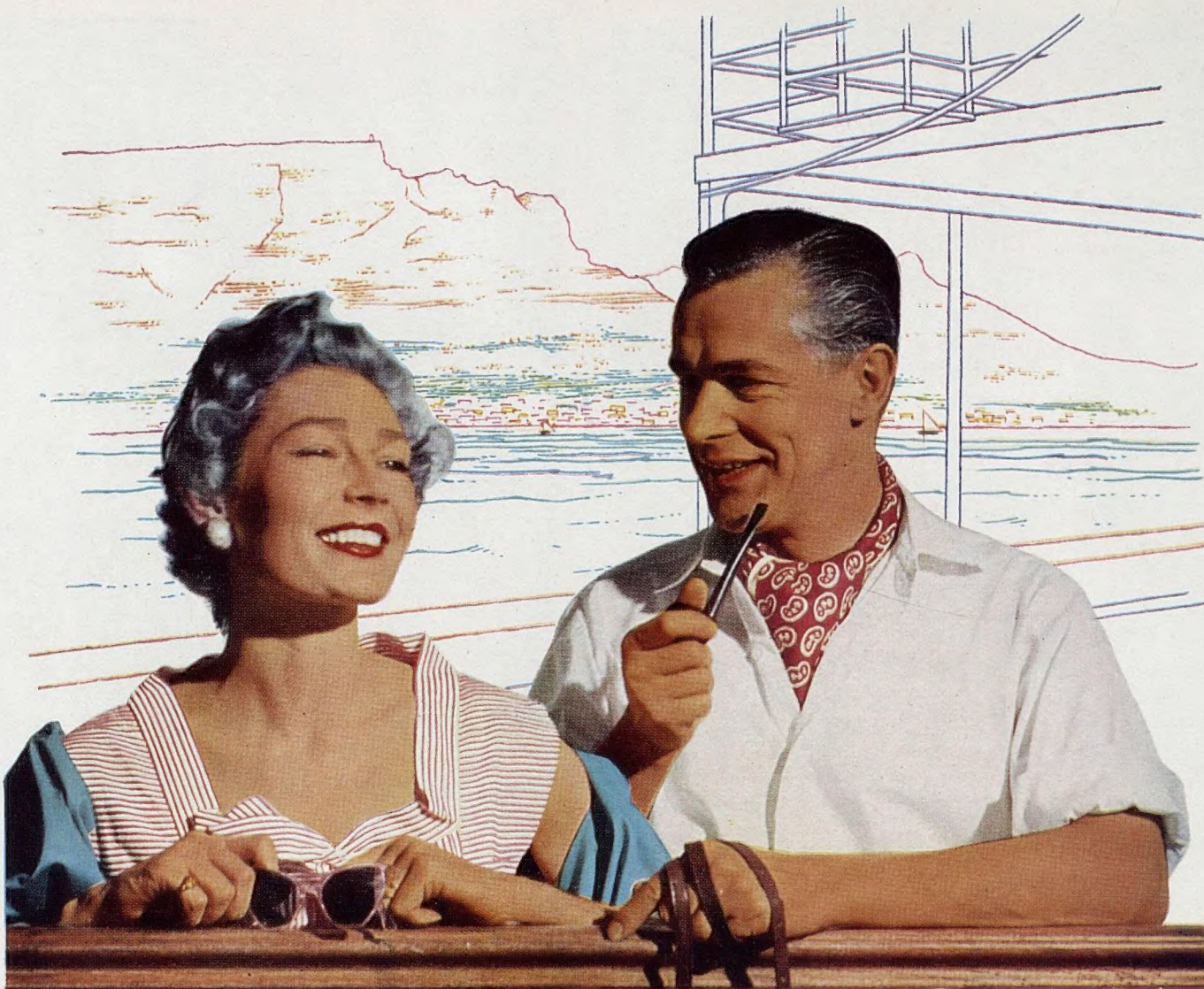
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